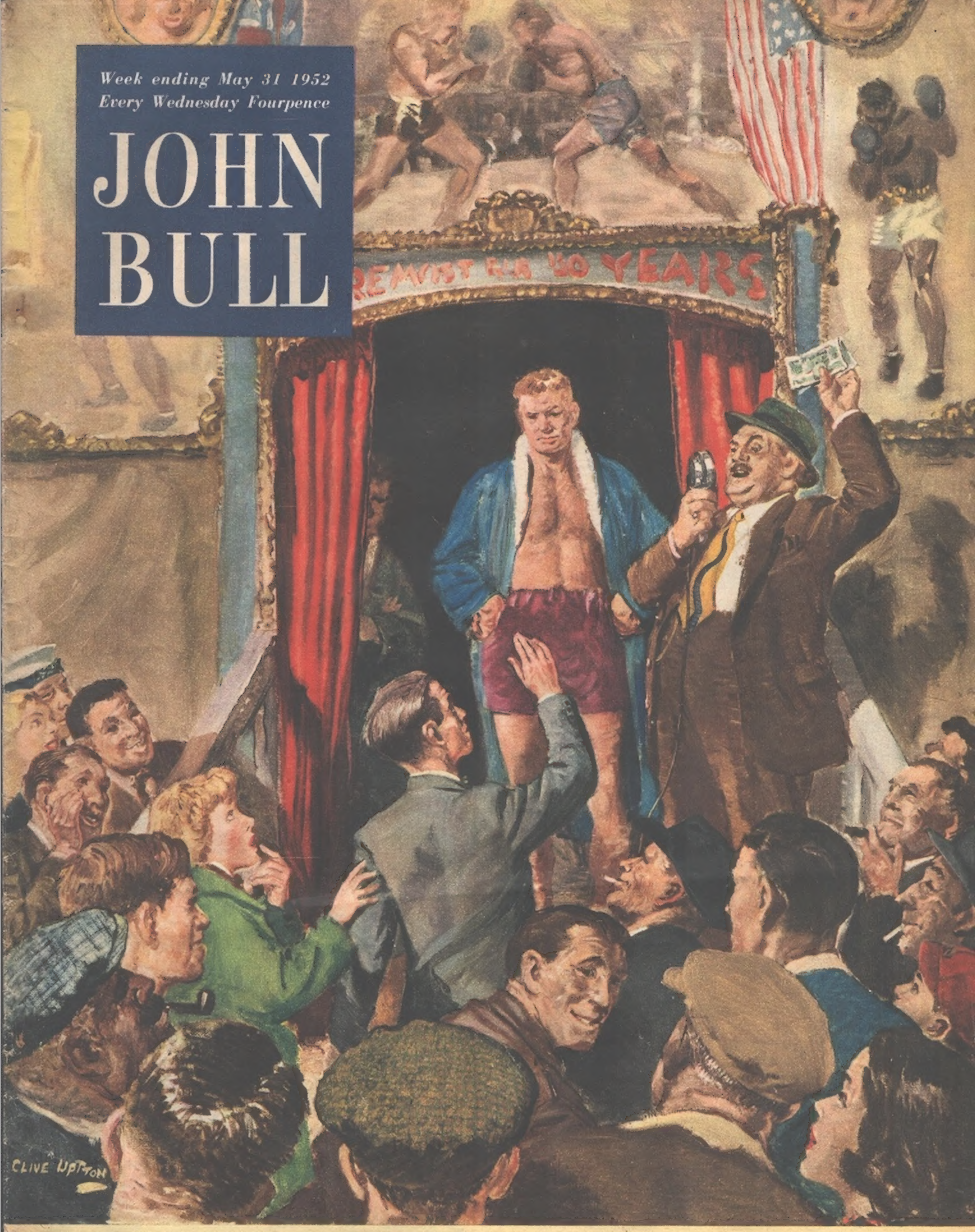
Week ending May 31 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



Thrilling new adventure novel by HAMMOND INNES

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM starts inside

REVEAL *your natural loveliness*

...WITH KNIGHT'S CASTILE

Makes the most of your natural beauty

Beauty lies hidden in every woman's skin... and Knight's Castile reveals it. Gently and surely it floats away the veil of dust and stale make-up that conceals the clear loveliness beneath. Knight's Castile is the modern counterpart of the original Castile Soap, first made for the exquisite complexions of the beauties of old Castile. Prepared from *natural* oils, it is the kindest, mildest of soaps.

Distributors: Hudson & Knight Limited

KC391-454

★ THE WISE BUY WHEATSHEAF

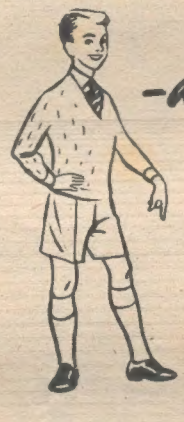
Dad put his foot down

into a ***WHEATSHEAF*** *shoe*

and knew immediately this was the shoe for him! As comfortable as they're elegant, WHEATSHEAF shoes give long, strong wear— at a price you can afford.

R 3881
E-ze-on Box Oxford
or in tan (R3930)
47/9

-and Son followed suit



M 5068
Boy's Black Gibson.
Leather sole and heel
11 to 1 28/6
7 to 10 25/3 2 to 5 33/6
Also in Oxford (M5112)

Wheatsheaf
shows you shoe value!

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

Silken Sheen for your hair

'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo brings out all your hair's *natural* silken sheen . . . cleans through-and-through, rinses out *completely* . . . leaves your hair *so* easy to set . . . and it's GOOD for your hair, because it's a 'Vaseline' Brand product. Buy a packet today! *Price 5d. inc. tax.*

Vaseline*
SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Ltd. 2768-4

Spring ALWAYS *Blossoms*

IN YOUR HOME WITH—

OPEX
PAINT BRUSHES

Spring cleaning means pride and pleasure when OPEX is on the job. See how quickly your faded paintwork becomes Bright and Gay under the magic touch of an OPEX paint brush.

OPEX
Standard Paint Brush

ON SALE
WHEREVER GOOD
BRUSHES ARE SOLD

OPEX BRUSHES LTD • SELLY OAK • BIRMINGHAM 29

Down by the river

SAID A JUDGE about a river: "It is black and foul, supporting little or no fish life, and poisoning the willows on its banks."

He was not talking of an urban stream like the Irwell in Manchester or the Clyde in Glasgow, mere sewers for the filth of industry and transport.

He was talking of part of the lovely Derwent in the Derbyshire countryside. And he was talking in this year of grace, 1952.

He was summing up in a case which proved to be a victory against river pollution, a case brought with the backing of the Anglers' Co-operative Association against great industrial interests.

Mr. Justice Harman added: "Since the end of the war 100,000 fish have been put into the Derwent to revive the fishery, but of no avail. By 1949, when the club held its last competition, not a single fish was caught by forty anglers."

THE law is adequate to stop rivers being poisoned like this—but it is not applied unless some public-spirited individual or society risks thousands of pounds on an expensive lawsuit.

Only in a few areas, where river boards are active and efficient, is there any real *public* assertion of *public* rights.

Among the poisons cheerfully deposited into our rivers is cyanide from electric plating works, blood and other organic waste from slaughterhouses, coal washings from collieries, acids from steel mills, copper salts from metal foundries, and lime from tanneries. A single medium-sized factory discharges waste—from sugar-beet, in this case—equivalent to the sewage from a town of 200,000 inhabitants.

Staffordshire County Council has revealed that thirty-five per cent of the River Trent is sewage and chemical waste.

The water pumped out of the Birmingham sewage works is actually purer than the River Tame into which it flows!

The Tees was once a famous river for salmon, and 8,000 fish used to be caught each year. Now 12,000,000 gallons of crude sewage pour into it every day. The fish have long since died off.

BUT the filth not only kills fish. It prevents bathing and in many places even boating. Above all, it is a menace to health.

In common law everybody who owns land on a river's banks is entitled to receive its waters in a state of natural purity.

In fact, this never happens except near the headwaters of rivers in non-industrial districts.

While nearly twenty Acts of Parliament have checked some of the worst excesses of river-poisoning, they also legalized its milder forms by laying down standards of impurity which can be tolerated.

A year ago the last Government consolidated these old Acts into one new one. But it failed to strengthen the law generally.

One M.P. was so angry that he described the Bill disgustedly as "a Polluters' Charter."

AND so it has proved to be in the case of scores of new factories deliberately built on river banks.

These factories have a right to use the river water. They also have a legal obligation to return the water to the river neither so dirty nor so hot that it will destroy plant and fish life.

But because the initiative in enforcing the law is left to private persons, industrialists in practice often do not bother.

Some offenders even find it worth while to pay the ridiculously small fines inflicted as a sort of "polluters' rent."

MOST of the effective harrying of these anti-social barbarians is being done by the Anglers' Co-operative Association and the British Field Sports Society. Good luck to them!

But how much longer has Britain to wait for strong laws properly enforced as a matter of public interest to restore the purity and beauty of her rivers?

THIS WEEK'S COVER

CLIVE UPTTON, who lives in Brighton, a stronghold of the boxing game, went to see Tommy Farr at his home in Hove to get authentic detail for his cover painting. Like Freddie Mills, Randolph Turpin and many other champions, Tommy started his career in the rough and tumble of fairground boxing booths; he gave Uptton all the gen. Uptton can be called a "southpaw" among artists—he paints with his left hand.

"A grand polish"

says TAFFY SMITH of Trafalgar Square.

"At my pitch close to Nelson's Column I have very particular regulars from the services. The great Admiral himself couldn't wish for a smarter turn-out than Cherry Blossom gives to boots and shoes. I clean piles of shoes for the clubs also. You'll find Cherry Blossom is the finest polish for a quick shine which lasts all day. That's one reason why every other family uses it."

Black, Tonette, Light Brown, Ox-blood and White

It really does open with a twist

It's NEW! — it's different!

An amazing new finish for Walls

WALLCHARM EMULSION

EGG SHELL FINISH

Simplifies wall painting. You can complete a room in an afternoon

- ★ Easiest and fastest Paint made
- ★ Hard dry one to three hours
- ★ No undercoat needed. No smell
- ★ You can wash or scrub it
- ★ Use it indoors or out

WALLCHARM is still made in the original lovely Satin-Smooth Oil Paint for those who prefer it

Send P.C. for descriptive leaflets and name of nearest agent to makers: Colthurst & Harding, Ltd., Bristol.

WALLS THAT KEEP THEIR CHARM

improves all meals.

SAUCE HP
HP SAUCE
HP SAUCE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT
A CHOICE BLEND OF ORIENTAL FRUITS SPICES AND PURE MALT VINEGAR
NET CONTENTS 8 FLUID OZS
H. P. SAUCE LIMITED

REGD TRADE MARK
Meddocream
ICE CREAM
WINS
SILVER CHALLENGE CUP
In the 1952 First Post-War National Ice Cream Competitions.
You can't mistake the flavour — the judges didn't!
TRADE ENQUIRIES TO:-
MEDDOCREAM LTD · WARD END · BIRMINGHAM · 8

DON'T RISK A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

If you're headachy, cannot sleep soundly, or find you're growing irritable and easily depressed, your nerves are suffering from strain.

You need more Vitamin B, the element your nerves must have to grow sturdy and steady.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins, and these little tablets are pure yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients.

At all Chemists, 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9

FREE SPEECH

The girl who wants to go abroad alone

PLANNING MY HOLIDAY this year, I decided to do a trip through France, Belgium and Holland. From friends who have been in all of these countries, I was able to get information on the route to take, and on youth hostels and other addresses at which I could stay.

The trouble is that it would mean going alone. And, because I am only eighteen, my parents are refusing to let me go. Although I can see their point of view, I think it is time we realized that, so long as you can speak the language (and I can), Brussels is as safe as Brighton.—MISS H. E., London, S.E.5.

Rudeness Or Courage?

AFTER a hard morning's shopping, I caught a bus for home and thankfully took out a cigarette. Finding I had no matches, I asked a man, who was enjoying his pipe on the seat opposite, if he could give me a light. He answered promptly: "I don't encourage women to smoke." I am still trying to make up my mind whether he was being very rude or very brave. — MRS. CELIA MARSHALL, 172 Addison Road, Ashton, Preston, Lancs.

Wedding Ring Came Back

TWENTY-ONE years ago, while helping with the harvest in one of my father-in-law's fields, I lost my wedding ring. We could not find it and, when he moved, we asked the next tenants to send it on if they ever came across it. Imagine my surprise, after all this time, to receive a letter saying that the ring had been found in perfect condition.—MRS. D. BATES, 77 Bishop's Road, Peterborough, Northants.

Patience Of The Stars

LAWRENCE EARL'S articles on Sir Michael Balcon (JOHN BULL, April 19—May 10) were of special interest to me because when a unit from Ealing Studios was in Manchester making *Mandy*, I took part in the film as an extra. I saw for the first time a film unit in action and I take off my hat to them as a grand team. The patience of the technicians and stars is something which has to be seen to be believed. Other people could well take a leaf out of the book of film people and learn to give everything to their work.—MISS CECILIA CAVANAGH, 49 Hawthorn Road, New Moston, Manchester.

Advice To Footballers

AS a professional footballer, I think that your Editorial, "Players In Chains" (JOHN BULL, May 3), was the most factual explanation I have yet seen of the conditions prevailing in football. Wages of £14 a week during the season and £10 a week during the summer may seem good, but only about one professional in ten receives such money. Many are paid little above the minimum rates of £7 and £5. My advice to youngsters contemplating becoming professionals is to learn a trade first, and then sign—if they must. Without a trade, and with a family to keep, the footballer runs into endless worry as he nears thirty and his standard of play drops off, so that few clubs want to buy him. The one thing the professional dreams of is a "benefit" on which he can retire; but many are let down.—PROFESSIONAL, Yorkshire.

. . . If professional footballers work in conditions of "slavery," why do so many fit men rush to be chained, when they could be free doing a paid job five days a week and still play football as amateurs on Saturdays? — J. A. H., Lancs.

Trouble In Paradise

BEAUTIFUL pictures of tropical islands showing incredibly blue sky and sea, white coral beaches and waving palms leave me cold. Though I know from experience that the colours can be vivid, and the place look like paradise, I have seen the other side: wearing blue glasses against the glare of the sun, cutting out all colour; enduring mosquito bites, flying beetles in my hair and cockroaches running over everything; watching a "run" of ants, scores of thousands of them, moving across a carpet and up a wall; dropping clothing into water overnight to prevent cockroaches making a meal of it. Give me England's green and pleasant land every time.—M. WAKEFIELD, 7 Gordon Street, Cross Roads, Keighley, Yorks.

No Joy In Mowing

NO man could loathe mowing a lawn more than I do. In fact, out of sympathy, I take it in turns with my husband. If your correspondent, who asked ("Free Speech," May 10) why this occupation is disliked, would try out this plan, she would find that the muscular effort required makes you oblivious of your surroundings; that the soothing motion is only apparent to the onlooker; and, worst of all, that there is no joy in the completed job. — MRS. HELEN WILLIAMSON, Birnam Place, Shaw Street, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

Veteran In Africa

MY 16-h.p. saloon car is a 1931 model and I had thought it was in the vintage category until I happened to be in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, and saw a 1921 Calcott arrive there, on its way

to South Africa from Britain. I took the enclosed photograph of it from my hotel window. It provides an interesting comparison between the old and the new.—ERIC A. BATES, 22 Alma Road, Rosebank, Cape, South Africa.

Value Of A Degree

CHOOSING between a university training and going straight into business to gain experience is not a matter for parents but for the children. If the father who wrote on this dilemma ("Free Speech," May 10) is as concerned for his sons' welfare as his letter indicates, he will realize that their decision, and not his, is to be regarded as final. As a graduate of twenty-six, I would say that most boys will do better in the long run by first reading for their degrees. University experience shapes important aspects of character which are all too often neglected, besides supplying qualifications which are essential in order that one may be considered for many of the better posts.—RAYMOND INMAN, B.A., Flat 1, 367 Harrogate Road, Moortown, Leeds.

. . . I have four children and have always believed in giving them their heads in the field of learning. Today, they all hold good posts. One is a Bachelor of Science (with an honours degree) who has just completed one year of scientific work in Chicago University and is now doing another year of industrial research work in New York. If I had cut his schooling short, he would be following his father's occupation — down a mine.—MRS. L. E. WILLIAMS, 47 Charles Street, Tonypandy, South Wales.

Unappreciative Englishmen

I AM the German-born wife of an Englishman and, although we are very happily married, I am fed up with reading of the bad cooking of Englishwomen. It is the men who make British cooking dull. They are so conservative

in their taste that when any new, exciting dish is placed in front of them, they will hardly touch it, let alone enjoy it. After three years of struggle, I have given up, and now serve my husband only with what he knows—MRS. A. B., Essex.

Highly Polished

YOUR correspondent who complains of highly polished floors ("Free Speech," May 10) is wrong in thinking that they are dangerous. If children are brought up to walk on polished floors, they adopt a firm walk in life and do not slip about. My own children did not have cut knees through falling on slippery paths—very different from my childhood when floors were washed and there were plenty of falls outside, resulting in cut knees and hands.—MRS. E. M. SPRATLING, 43 Claremont Crescent, Croxley Green, Rickmansworth, Herts.

Income Tax Re-union

ESCAPING from a prisoner-of-war camp with another man, a friend of mine shared with him the hardships of their life as fugitives and then, when they reached freedom, forgot to exchange addresses with him, so that they lost touch with each other. A short while ago, he called at his local income tax office to try to settle a dispute and found to his astonishment that the inspector was his fellow escapee. Needless to say, the mundane matter of income tax was forgotten for some time.—J. W., Blackpool.

This Age Of Rush

THIS, I know, is an age of rush, but I have just experienced an appalling example. While attending the interment of a relative, I was following the family mourners into the little chapel when I was astonished to hear that the clergyman was already intoning the prayers. He continued during the whole time that the thirty-two mourners were entering and taking their seats. To me, such a procedure seemed most irreverent. There was no atmosphere of consolation. It was all lost in the awful feeling of being rushed. After the committal service at the graveside, the parson immediately said "Good afternoon" and walked away. It seemed that he was anxious to get it all over as soon as possible.—MRS. E. L., Yorks.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

IGNORE THE RAIN...

There is comfort in knowing that your Pluvex Roof never leaks, however hard it rains. Standard or Heavyweight in rolls of 12 yds., 36 ins. wide.

Your local Ironmonger or Builders' Merchant will be glad to supply you.

A product of: THE RUBEROID COMPANY LIMITED
246, COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Somebody's going to need

Alka-Seltzer

for Aches & Pains!

When work or exercise leaves you stiff and sore you need ALKA-SELTZER. It will chase away your aches and pains in double-quick time. A tablet or two in hot or cold water does the trick! Get ALKA-SELTZER from your chemist to-day.

50

A stout that banishes tiredness –and it's not bitter!

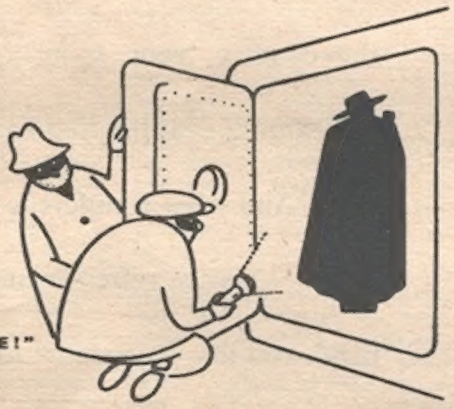
THE TASTE of most stout is on the bitter side — this is why many people like it. But others prefer a smoother, softer drink, with never a bitter edge to it. They prefer Mackeson's. After a hard day's work, they find fresh life and energy in every glass.

MACKESON'S

. . . you'll like it better!

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD

BY APPOINTMENT
WINE MERCHANTS
TO THE LATE
KING GEORGE VI

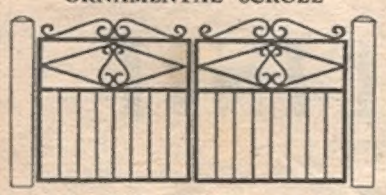


"LOOK WHO'S HERE!"

SANDEMAN SHERRY

"You'll like it"

GATES
of
DISTINCTION...
IN PLAIN WROUGHT IRON OR ORNAMENTAL SCROLL



Gate No. M105, as illustrated, 7 ft. wide
£9.4.0
Other Single Gates from £3.9.0
Double Gates from £6.18.0
Send stamp for Brochure
BRISLINGTON ENGINEERING CO. LTD.
Dept. H.2, BATH ROAD, BRISTOL, 4

"But you should see the other feller"

Mum's patched me up with
ADAPTOPLAST
ADHESIVE WOUND DRESSINGS
EUFLAVINE GAUZE DRESSING
9d & 1/6d PER TIN FROM CHEMISTS
A PRODUCT OF
Cuxson Gerrard & Co. Ltd.
OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM.

BRYLCREEM
GROOMS THE HAIR CLEANLY

BECAUSE
the pure oils in **Brylcreem** are emulsified to prevent excessive oiliness

BECAUSE
with massage **Brylcreem** ensures a clean scalp, free from dandruff

BECAUSE
Brylcreem contains no gum, no soap, no spirit, no starch

Brylcreem, the perfect hair-dressing, comes in tubs 1/8, 2/6 & 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6

royds 91/86

HOW HANDY HOUSEHOLDERS SAVE MONEY

AROUND FIREPLACES

ON MOTOR CARS

ON GREENHOUSES

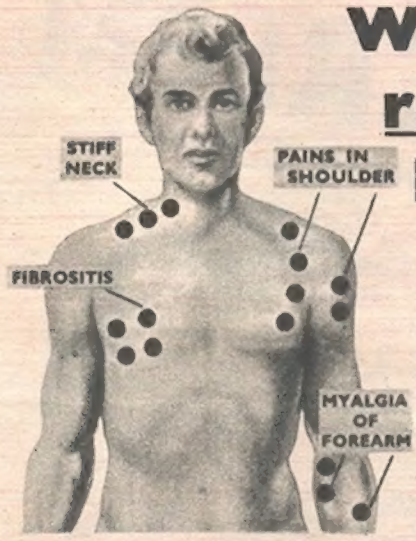
—and will not crack, crumble or fall out

All gaps and joints 'move' with changes in weather, wind pressure and traffic vibration. If a sealing compound is to 'stay put' in them, it must stretch without letting go and be squeezed without crumbling. That's just what Seelastik does. It clings like a limpet between wood, brick, glass, concrete or metal and there it stays, literally, through thick and thin. You can apply it straight from the tube and in 24 hours it sets to a weatherproof seal which can be painted or left its natural pale cream colour—easier to use, more lasting, cheaper in the long run than putty or plaster. 3/- per large tube from IRONMONGERS, HARDWAREMEN, SEEDSMEN, MOTOR FACTORS, GARAGES, DECORATORS' MERCHANTS, etc.

Seelastik is also obtainable in 'cartridges' applied by the Expandite Gun, from Builders' Merchants everywhere.

★ *Patent speedy-seal nozzle gives smooth finish to every job.*

If any difficulty in obtaining, please write to:—
EXPANDITE LIMITED, Cunard Road, London, N.W.10. Elgar 5151



Where is the root of your Rheumatism?

HERE IS NEWS for Rheumatic Sufferers! A new treatment for the relief of pain has been discovered!

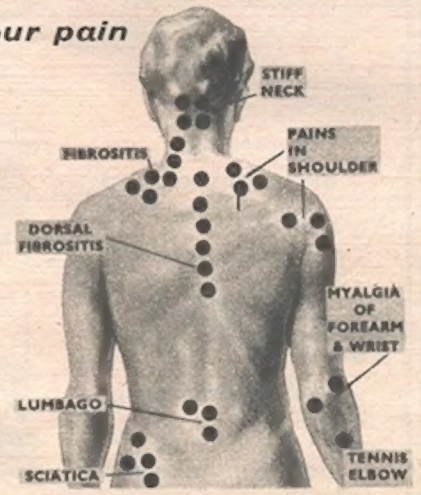
Its secret is to apply a new massage cream, not only where you feel the pain, but also on what Doctors call the myalgic or 'Trigger' spots, which are often some distance away.

One Harley Street doctor, a little while ago, reported remarkable results with this cream in over 1,000 cases of all forms of Rheumatism, including Fibrositis, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc. It has also been tested and used by Hospitals and Doctors all over the country.

How to get relief from your pain

This same cream is now available for your own use at home under the name of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream. All you have to do to secure relief from your pain is to rub in this cream, not only where you feel the pain but also in the 'Trigger' spots, as explained and illustrated in the leaflet enclosed with every jar of the genuine Lloyd's. It is most important to follow these instructions. Otherwise you will fail to secure the full benefit.

The genuine Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream can be obtained from any chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, at 5/- & 7/- a jar. Get some today and prove for yourself how rapidly it brings relief.



IMPORTANT WARNING
Be sure to insist on Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream, the cream used in the clinical tests upon which this treatment is based. Lloyd's is the brand described in "*The Lancet*" ('50.II.395) as the "most satisfactory . . ."

LLOYD'S ADRENALINE CREAM

SOLE MANUFACTURERS: HOWARD LLOYD & CO. LTD., LEICESTER
Makers of Fine Pharmaceuticals to the Medical Profession since 1880

fares not increased

A stay by the sea or a roving tour through the country, your train journey will cost only 1¾d. a mile — a hundred care-free miles for under 15/-! And what a difference in comfort rail travel makes — meals, refreshments, toilet facilities all at hand. 100 lbs. of personal luggage carried free and trouble-free. Or if you don't wish to bother with luggage at all, you can have it picked up from your home and delivered to your holiday address very cheaply. Wherever you go you'll get there quicker, and arrive there fresher by rail.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

"You are the sole legatee under your grandfather's will." I scarcely heard the solicitor. I was recalling my grandfather, and how I hated him

A great new novel—the story of a man with six months to live

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

by ***HAMMOND INNES***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

I HESITATED AS I CROSSED THE road and paused to gaze up at the familiar face of Number Thirty-Two. For years I had been coming home from the office to this rather drab old Georgian-fronted house on the edge of Mecklenburgh Square, yet now I seemed to be looking at it for the first time. It was as though I was living in a dream. I suppose I was still dazed by the news.

I wondered what they'd say at the office—or should I go on as though nothing had happened? I thought of all the years I'd been leaving this house at eight thirty-five in the morning and returning to it shortly after six at night; lonely, wasted years. Men who had served with me during the war were now in good executive positions. But for me the Army had been the big chance. Once out of it, I had drifted without the drive of an objective, without the competitive urge of a close-knit masculine world.

A car hooted and I shook myself, conscious of the dreadful feeling of weariness that possessed my body; conscious, too, of a sudden urgency. I needed to make some sense out of my life, and I needed to do it quickly. As I crossed to the pavement, automatically getting out my keys, I suddenly decided I wasn't going to tell the office anything. I wasn't going to tell anybody. I'd just say I was taking a holiday and quietly disappear.

I went in and closed the door. Footsteps sounded in the darkness of the unlighted hall.

"Is that you, Mr. Wetheral?" It was my landlady.

"Yes, Mrs. Baird."

"Ye're home early. Is everything all right?"

"Yes," I said.

"There was a lawyer to see you. He ha'na been gone more than ten minutes. He said it was very important, so I told him to come back again at six. Shall I bring him straight up when he comes?"

I told her yes and went on up to my rooms.

The last red flicker of the sunset showed through the trees of the square. I switched on the light. The trees stood out in bare silhouette against the lurid sky. But across the street it was already getting dark. I pulled the curtains quickly and turned back into the room. I suddenly felt desperately alone, more alone than I had felt in all my

life. For a while I paced back and forth, wondering what the devil a lawyer could want with me. Then I turned abruptly and went through into the bedroom. God! I was tired. I took off my coat and lay down on my bed and closed my eyes. And as I lay there, sweating with fear and nervous exhaustion, my life passed before my mind's eye, mocking me with its emptiness. Thirty-six years, and what had I done with them—what had I achieved?

I must have dropped off to sleep for I woke with a start to hear Mrs. Baird's voice calling me from the sitting-room. "Here's the lawyer man to see ye again, Mr. Wetheral."

I got up, feeling dazed and chilled, and went through into the other room. He was a lawyer all right; no mistaking the neat blue suit, the white collar, the dry, dusty air of authority.

"My name is Fothergill," he said carefully. "Of Anstey, Fothergill and Anstey, solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Before I state my business it will be necessary for me to ask you a few personal questions. As a matter of identity, that is all. May I sit down?"

"Of course," I murmured. "A cigarette?"

"I don't smoke, thank you."

I lit one and saw that my hand was shaking. I had had too many professional interviews in the last few days.

He waited until I was settled in an easy chair and then he said: "Your Christian names, please, Mr. Wetheral."

"Bruce Campbell."

"Date of birth?"

"July 20, 1916."

"Parents alive?"

"No. Both dead."

"Your father's Christian names, please."

"Look," I said, a trifle irritably. "Where's all this leading to?"

"Please," he murmured. "Just bear with me a moment longer." His voice was dry and disinterested. "Your father's Christian names?"

"John Henry. He died on the Somme the year I was born."

"What were your mother's names?"

"Eleanor Rebecca."

"And her maiden name?"

"Campbell."

"Did you know any of the Campbells, Mr. Wetheral?"

"Only my grandfather; I met him once."

"Where did you meet him?"

"Coming out of prison."

He stared at me, an expression of faint distaste on his face as though I had been guilty of some shocking joke.

"He did five years in Brixton," I explained quickly. "He was a thief and a swindler. My mother and I met him when he came out. I was about ten at the time. We drove in a taxi straight from the prison to a boat train." After all these years I could not keep the bitterness out of my voice. I stubbed out my cigarette.

"Why do you want to know all this?" I demanded irritably.

"Just one more question." He seemed unperturbed by my impatience. "You served in the Army during the war. In France?"

"No, the desert and then Sicily and Italy. I was in the R.A.C."

"Were you wounded at all?"

"Yes."

He hummed and hawed a little, and made a note. "Thank you. I was instructed to locate a Bruce Campbell Wetheral and I was given certain information, including the fact that he was a captain in the Royal Armoured Corps during the war and that he was wounded shortly after Alamein. I am now quite satisfied that you are the man I have been looking for."

I lit a fresh cigarette. "Well?"

He picked up his brief case. "We are acting for the firm of Donald McCrae and Acheson of Calgary in this matter. They are the solicitors appointed under your grandfather's will. Since you only met him once it will possibly be of no great concern to you that he is dead. What does concern you, however, is that you are the sole legatee under his will." He placed a document on the table between us. "That is a copy of the will, together with a sealed letter written by your grandfather and addressed to you. The original of the will is held by the solicitors in Calgary. They also hold all the documents, share certificates and so on relating to the Campbell Oil Exploration Company, together with contracts, leases, agreements, etcetera, and all the books of the company. You now control this company, but it is virtually moribund. However, it owns territory in the Rocky Mountains and Donald McCrae and Acheson advise disposal of this asset and the winding up of the company." He burrowed in his brief case again. "Now, here is a deed of sale for the territory referred to. . . ."

I stared at him, hearing his voice droning on and remembering only how I had hated my grandfather, how all my childhood had been made miserable by that big, raw-boned Scot with the violent blue eyes and close-cropped grey hair who had sat beside my mother in that taxi and whom I had only seen that once.

"You're sure my grandfather went back to Canada?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes, yes, quite sure. He formed this company there in 1926."

That was the year after he came out of prison. "This company," I said. "Was a man called Paul Morton involved in it with him?"

The solicitor paused in what he was saying, an expression of mild irritation on his face. He glanced through the sheaf of documents on the table. "No," he said. "The other two directors were Roger Fergus and Luke Trevedian. Fergus was one of the big men in the Turner Valley field and Trevedian owned a gold mine. Now, as I was saying, the shares in this company are worthless. The only working capital it seems to have had was advanced by Fergus and the only work it has carried out appears to have been financed by him. This included a survey——"

"Do you mean my grandfather was broke when he returned to Canada?"

"It would seem so." Fothergill peered at

"I can't wait a month," I said. "Why not?"

the documents and then nodded. "Yes, I should say that was definitely the case."

I leaned back, staring at the lamp, trying to adjust myself to a sudden and entirely new conception of my grandfather. "How did he die?" I asked.

"How?" Again the solicitor glanced through the papers on the table. "It says here that he died of cold."

"Of cold?"

"Yes. He was living alone high up in the Rockies. Now, as regards the company; it does not seem likely that the shares are marketable and——"

"He must have been a very old man." I was thinking that my mother had been fifty-two when she had died in 1927.

"He was seventy-nine. Now, this land that is owned by the company. Your representatives in Calgary inform us that they have been fortunate enough to find a purchaser. In fact, they have an offer. . . ." He stopped and the polished skin of his forehead puckered in an impatient frown. "You're not listening to me, Mr. Wetheral."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I was just wondering what an old man of seventy-nine was doing

---

AT THIRTY-NINE, Hammond Innes is an author with a shelf of best-sellers to his credit, and an increasing reputation as a master of adventure writing. It's a reputation he strenuously aims to keep.

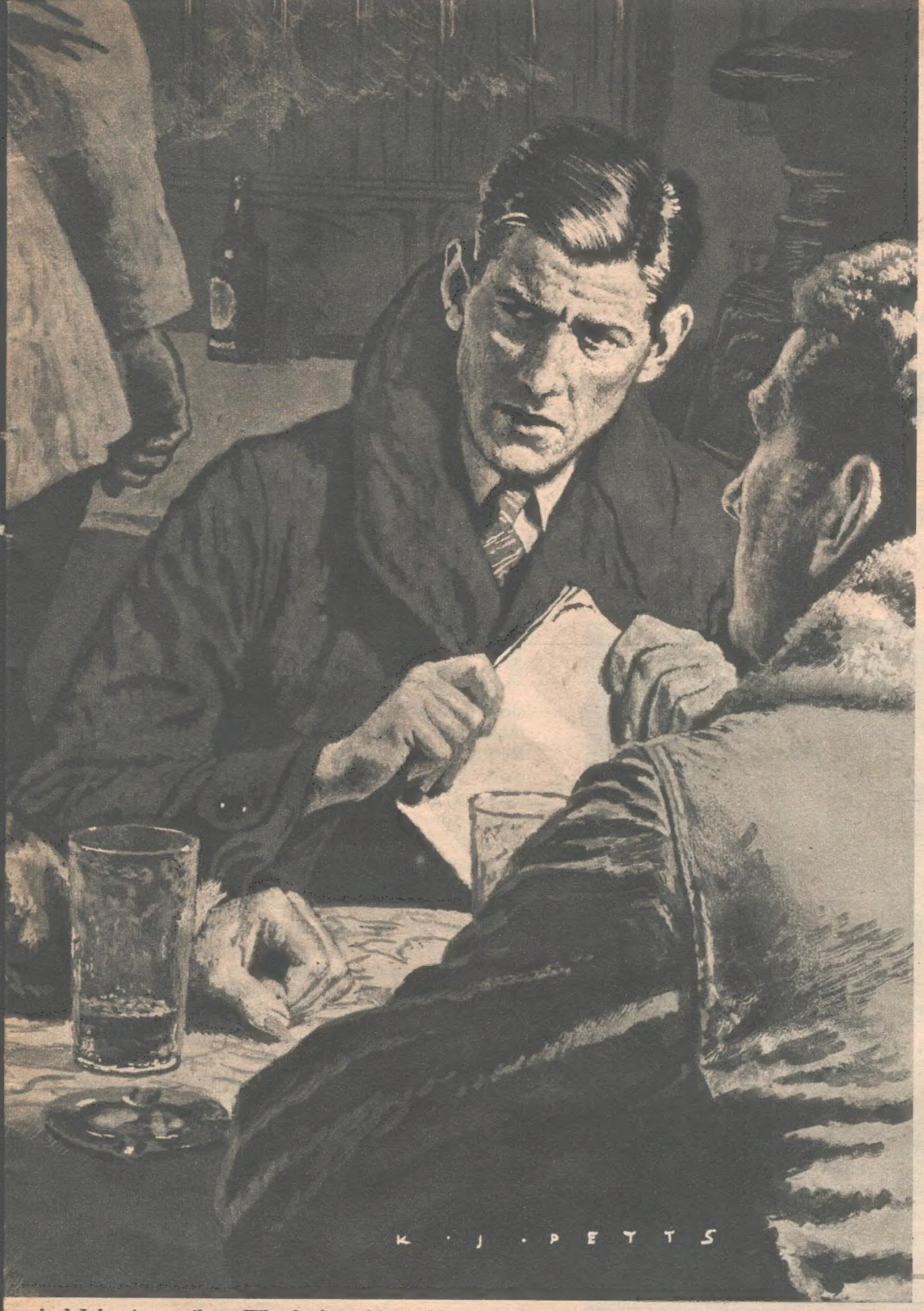
Six months of the year he "lives rough" in the area where his next novel is to be set; for the remaining six months he retires to his secluded Norfolk home to write it. It is a system that has shown handsome results with his very successful *Air Bridge, Maddon's Rock, White South, The Lonely Skier*—filmed as *Snowbound* with Robert Newton and Dennis Price—and other novels.

Before Innes wrote *Campbell's Kingdom* he covered 15,000 miles of ruggedest Canada; in the oilfields, in the mountains, sleeping in and out. It was a tough six months—and so was the eventual writing.

"I had to throw the first half of the novel away," he says, "before old man Campbell began to behave. I never had so much trouble with a character—and never became fonder of one, even though he's dead when the story opens."

Innes is in Norfolk again now with his playwright wife, Dorothy Lang, engaged on another adventure novel—his ninth. He won't say what the new book is about, but he's recently returned from Morocco. . . .

Hammond Innes



asked Johnnie angrily. "What's the goldarned hurry?" I held the map, fumbling for an explanation

living all alone in the Rocky Mountains."

"Yes, yes, of course. Very natural. Let me see now. It's all in Mr. Acheson's letter. Ah, here we are . . . apparently he became a little queer as he grew old. His belief that there was oil up in this territory in the mountains had become an obsession with him. From 1930 onwards he lived up there in a log cabin by himself, hardly ever coming down into the towns. It was there that he was found by a late hunting party. That was on the twenty-second of November, last year." He placed the letter on the table beside me. "I will leave that with you and you can read it at your leisure. There is also a cutting from a local paper. Now, about this land. There is apparently some scheme for damming the valley and utilizing the waters for a hydro-electric project. One of the mining companies. . . ."

I SAT back and closed my eyes. So he had gone back. That was the thing that stuck in my mind. He had really believed there was oil there.

"Please, Mr. Wetheral. I must ask for your attention. This is important, most important. We must have your signature to this document at once. The company concerned apparently has alternative sources of power which, if we delay much longer, may render your property valueless. As I say, your solicitors in Calgary regard the terms as generous and advise immediate acceptance. When all debts have been paid and the company wound up, they estimate that the estate will be worth some nine or ten thousand dollars."

"How long will all this take?" I asked.

"Donald McCrae and Acheson are very businesslike people. We have had dealings with them on several occasions." He pursed his lips. "I think we can expect to prove probate in, say, about six months' time if this deal goes through as smoothly as they anticipate."

"Six months!" I laughed. "That's just six months too long, Mr. Fothergill."

"How do you mean? I assure you we will do everything possible to expedite proceedings and you can rest assured. . . ."

"Yes, of course," I said, "but in six months. . . ." I stopped. Why should I bother to explain?

I leaned back and closed my eyes, trying to to think it out clearly. The money wasn't any use to me. I'd nobody to leave it to. "I'm not sure that I want to sell," I said, almost unconsciously voicing my thoughts.

I opened my eyes and saw that he was looking at me with astonishment. "I don't think you quite understand, Mr. Wetheral. The executors inform us that the land itself is quite worthless. As I've already told you, it lies at over 7,000 feet in a most inaccessible area of the Rockies. The greater part of the year it is buried in snow. . . ."

"Can I see that newspaper cutting?" I asked him.

He handed it across to me. It was from the *Calgary Tribune* and date-lined *Jasper, December 4.*

All those who have made the pilgrimage up Thunder Creek to Campbell's Kingdom will mourn the loss of a friend. Stuart Campbell, one of the old-timers of Turner Valley and the man who coined the phrase "There's oil in the Rocky Mountains," is dead. His body was found by a late hunting party headed by the Jasper packer, Johnnie Carstairs. It was lying stretched out on the floor of his log cabin, the eyrie he built for himself 7,000 feet up in the Rockies just east of the famous Cariboo area.

Campbell was a great character. He will be remembered affectionately by the hunters, miners and loggers, as well as the tourists, who visited him in his mountain kingdom and listened to his stories of the oilfields and heard him make the surrounding peaks ring with the skirl of his pipes. Even those who lost money in his ill-starred Rocky Mountain Oil Exploration Company and declared him a swindler and worse cannot but render the homage of admiration to a man who was so convinced he was right that he dedicated the last twenty-six years of his life to trying to prove it. . . .

I started to read the paragraph through again, but the type blurred, merging into a picture of a man standing in the dock at the Old Bailey accused of swindling the public by floating a company to drill for oil that didn't exist and then absconding with the capital. He had been arrested boarding the *Majestic* at Southampton. The other director, Paul Morton, had got clean away. The bulk of the company's funds had vanished.

FOTHERGILL gave me a dry smile. "I think you can be satisfied that the executors' opinion that the property in itself has no value is a true statement of the situation. Now, here is the deed of sale. You will see that, at the moment, details as to price and date of take-over have not been inserted. These are still matters for negotiation, but if you will sign both copies. . . ."

"I don't think I'll sell," I said. I needed time to think this out, to adjust myself to this new view of my grandfather.

"But, Mr. Wetheral. Really—in a matter of this sort we must be guided by the people on the spot. You cannot expect this company to wait indefinitely for your answer. Every day's delay——"

"I won't be stampeded," I said irritably.

He got to his feet. "I will leave these documents with you, Mr. Wetheral. I think when you have had time to consider them. . . ." He snapped the lock of his empty brief case. "Here is my card. I shall be in my office between nine and ten in the morning. Perhaps you will telephone me then, or, better still, come in and see me."

"I'll let you know what I decide," I said, and got up from my chair. I took him down to the front door.

Then I hurried eagerly back to my room. I wanted to read the personal letter attached to the will.

The envelope was addressed in a bold, upright, rather childish hand. I slit it open. Inside was a single sheet; it was very direct and simple. No words were wasted. It was the letter of a

Continued on page 21

THE HAPPY HUNTED (3) by Brigadier GEORGE CLIFTON, D.S.O., M.C.

We crack the no-escape fortress

No one ever escaped from Gavi, boasted the Italians. That's why the grim fort housed only the *pericolosi* —intrepid prisoners of war like George Clifton to whom captivity was a challenge

IN THE LAST LIGHT OF A MARCH afternoon in 1943, I and my guard escort climbed 600 feet by a narrow, winding road to the dominating fortress which crowned the hill above the close-packed huddle of Gavi village. It was six months since I had been captured in the Western Desert, and taken to Italy. In that time I had made three attempts to escape, and on the last had got as far as the Swiss frontier. For this reason the Italians had decided that it would be safer to transfer me to Campo 5, Gavi—the "hell-camp" specially designed for troublesome prisoners of war like myself.

Constructed in the fourteenth century as one of the outer ring of defences protecting the back door of the Genoese Republic, the fortress at Gavi took the form of terraces built on or jutting from the solid rock, each terrace being edged with very thick masonry walls. From a distance the general effect was of a layered wedding-cake, slightly lopsided. Everything combined to make a formidable stronghold wherein security always had priority over comfort. From the days when the need disappeared for manning it as a fortress, Gavi made an admirable prison. Throughout the centuries it had built up two traditions—it had never been taken by assault, and no one had escaped from it. The latter record was beaten in our time by successfully engineering a break-out which exceeded all other attempts of both wars for hard work, sheer determination, and detailed team work.

Dangerous Types

Overshadowed by towering masonry walls, I walked down a dank, dark, tunnelled entrance, through big iron-faced doors, and into the reception room for yet another police search. Knowing how rigorous Gavi would be, I had nothing worth hiding. Having satisfactorily completed my examination, I joined the three hundred other inmates —a wonderful hotchpotch of personalities, nationalities, and all three fighting services. All, or almost all, were escapers, submariners, or commando types, very *pericoloso* (dangerous), to use the Italian term. On entering the lower courtyard, I was met by Lieutenant-Colonel Ken Fraser, who was the Senior British Officer for the vital first nine months. An old friend of mine, quiet, shrewd, and a sound psychologist with a grand sense of humour, Ken persuaded, cajoled, or jollied the potentially discordant individuals into willing co-operation.

The area of the fortress occupied by us comprised two small irregular courtyards closed by iron grilles and enormous doors. The lower one could be described as the main layer or level of the

Emerging from the tunnel, they crept past the huts where the guards lived, and on to the outer wall. Below lay a twenty-foot drop—and freedom

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON HORNER

Clifton in his room at Gavi—a painting by a fellow prisoner, Mark Ogilvie-Grant

Gavi, the fourteenth-century Italian fort used as a p.o.w. punishment prison

Col. Stirling (right), famous behind-the-lines raider who was on the tunnel escape

fortress. The upper courtyard, approached by a steep winding bricked ramp, was one hundred feet higher. Above this, the upper ramparts crowning the whole castle were out of bounds to prisoners, who lived in gloomy stone rooms, or cells, surrounding the courtyards.

Outside the main fortress wall, a lower terrace was crammed with huts in which four hundred guards lived in overcrowded conditions not much better than our own. As usual, the Carabinieri (Italian police) had the best accommodation, which was only to be expected when they controlled the camp under a Carabinieri colonel. Known to us as "Joe Grapes," Colonel Moscatelli was an outstanding Italian in physique. Also he was right on the ball. His police strolled around at all hours, prying into every activity, helped by spyholes in the cell doors, through which they could check up on the inmates.

Our British orderlies lived in cells built into the main outer wall, slightly below the level of our bottom courtyard. One day some months before my arrival, two observant lads, one a leading seaman, the other an 8th Hussar, both keen escapers, discovered that part of their end wall was hollow. They reported this most interesting fact to the escape committee. Led by "Buck" Palm, six officers, living on that level, grabbed eagerly at the chance of investigating; it might connect with the magical escape route—an old tunnel in the fortress believed to lead down to Gavi itself. Palm was a South African fighter pilot, of Homeric build, comparable to Johnny Weissmuller, and having all the guts in the world. With his terrific strength and iron determination, plus the training of a mining engineer, he was the perfect man for the difficult task ahead.

Dug With Table Knives

Buck and his party started operations by cutting a hole near the ceiling on top of a small ledge. The hole opened up a shaft about four feet in diameter, which disappeared into the bowels of the fortress. Dropped stones indicated water—a long way down. Pushed through and lowered on an improvised rope, an officer descended fifty feet into a huge cistern, built to hold the main water supply, but filled only waist deep at the time of entry. In the centre was a rusty iron ladder, originally going up the shaft, which had broken off short. Our rather scanty evidence indicated that the village tunnel probably opened into dungeons or store-rooms adjacent to the cistern. The party decided to hack or, more accurately, scratch, through the cemented masonry, hoping to reach this ready-made escape route.

Their tools were extremely primitive—table knives, short pieces of iron bar, best of all an old cart axle discovered in the cistern. Palm could swing this effectively as a battering ram, but nobody else could wield it unaided. Very hard work for two months achieved about six feet penetration. Then heavy rain fell. Next night the water level had risen twenty feet, drowning that backbreaking initial effort.

A Subterranean Ordeal

Undeterred by this bad luck, the party decided to start again on the rim of the cistern, a ledge perhaps two feet wide. After innumerable attempts an improvised grapnel, swung from the iron ladder, hooked the rim sufficiently for the lightest member to swarm up after swimming across. Working in darkness, or by the feeble light of a tiny grease lamp, they rigged a corner platform, reached by swimming across and climbing a knotted rope. Sometimes during those winter months, when snow covered the surrounding country, a thin film of ice formed. It was cold, slow, miserable work—yet they persevered with the new tunnel.

When substantial progress failed to reach anything but more rock, Buck decided to turn at right angles and drive out through thirty feet of main wall. By careful survey they planned to emerge on the roof of the main building butting up against the wall on the next terrace. Appropriately enough, it housed the Carabinieri, our professional snoopers and worst enemies. The wall itself was thirty feet of solid rock, properly bonded. One block was big enough to fill the full tunnel face. It was split by heating with fire and chilling with water; and that alone required three weeks' work and a special ration from our scanty fuel stock. Nearly seven months after opening up the shaft, they broke through to daylight—and the escape plot became a feasible proposition.

The sheer guts of these men is something to marvel at. Imagine turning out every available winter's night, swimming across the black, icy, dead water, climbing up cold and dripping, then sweating blood dinting or scraping at the stubborn rock—and freezing in between shifts. One night the last man missed the ladder, and had to swim round alone in that blackness for twenty minutes before he bumped into it. The others had emerged, and some alarm kept them from returning to his aid.

When at long last Buck's party could see daylight, the escape committee took charge. Balancing up the complicated factors of concealing the plot inside our area and the gamble of discovery after leaving the tunnel, they decided on a maximum party of twelve. This included Colonel David Stirling, recently captured in Tunis and at that time the most valuable prisoner held by Italians. David's speciality was night raids on Axis airfields, striking from out of the limitless desert and guided by Long Range Desert Group patrols. Put into the bag during a reconnaissance behind the enemy lines, he had a formidable record of aircraft destroyed on the ground, while at the same time "freezing" thousands of Axis troops as aerodrome guards.

On a stormy night in early April, Buck Palm carefully opened the outer face of the tunnel; very carefully, because the last stones must be replaceable as near normal as possible. Against the wall across the roof of the Carib quarters was a mass of barbed wire, placed there to discourage any madman from sawing through the barred upper windows to drop sixty feet on a rope. Coping with the wire had been foreseen, and we had obtained a pair of pliers by bribing one of the guards.

Knocked Out By Shock

Buck grabbed the first wire. There was a blue flash, and he was dragged back singed and unconscious, suffering from severe electric shock. You can imagine the terrific task of bringing that big heavy body back through the tunnel, through the water, up that iron ladder and, eventually, into our camp hospital. At first, it appeared as if the Italians had worked a fast one by putting in live wires, but further investigation proved that incoming lighting leads were shortcircuiting on to the barbed wire. As we were not able to point this fact out to the owners, the repairs were made by our expert.

Four nights later, the roof was cleared sufficiently and all were ready to go. A fortnight followed during which time the party anxiously waited for reasonably bad weather to help them cover up the escape. Then one night twelve fully equipped escapers crawled down the tunnel, led by Palm, who opened up the exit. This time the leaders got away to a good start. On emerging from the tunnel, they crawled through the wire and along the police roof, dropped on to a stone wall, along it for a few feet, and thus reached the terrace where the guards lived. Creeping between the huts, a

Continued on page 27

What I know about the "Other Side"

by REGINALD M. LESTER

Hundreds of letters have been received from readers following Reginald M. Lester's series in John Bull describing his personal investigation of spiritualism. This is the first of two supplementary articles in which Lester deals with some of the points readers raise

"I made the most detailed inquiries," says Lester

AS A RESULT of my recent articles in JOHN BULL, in which I described how I had become convinced of the truth of survival, many readers have been eager to hear more about the process of passing through the transition stage of what we call death.

This is natural enough. When we make a journey to some distant country we like to know as much as possible about the mode of travel and the conditions we are likely to meet. And after I had satisfied myself on survival I began to make the most detailed inquiries on these very points, not only from Marjorie, my wife, but from some of the philosophers and other great teachers who have passed through to the Other Side. Here, then, is what I have learned from them.

I now believe that we have dual bodies—physical and etheric—the latter being our real and spiritual one. This was what St. Paul referred to, and we read in 1 Corinthians 15: "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."

As we pass through the "death" stage, we merely cast off the physical body like an old worn-out garment, and find ourselves in our new world, freed from all the limitations and disabilities of the physical.

When We Are Asleep

During our earth life, we often leave our physical body temporarily during the sleep state, but we are then still attached to it by a "silver cord" (also referred to in the Bible, in Ecclesiastes 12: "The silver cord be loosed."). When that is severed, we pass over permanently into the Spirit world, but until then the etheric body has no separate existence. A parallel is that of the umbilical cord at birth, as until that is severed the baby has no separate existence from its mother.

When we are approaching death, the silver cord is so loosely attached that we are out of the physical body quite a lot. A striking example of this was to be found in the concluding instalment of Russell Braddon's JOHN BULL serial, *The Naked Island*. The young soldier, Norm, during his last weeks, would wake from his intervals of coma and tell his comrades—"with the quiet confidence of one who believes implicitly what he says"—that he had been "home," and would relate what he had done there. I believe that he was not dreaming, but was in fact travelling out of his body in the "etheric" or "astral."

Evidence From My Wife

I took the earliest opportunity of seeking information from my wife concerning her own passing over. Here are some of my verbatim notes from sittings:

SELF: As you went over without knowing anything about the spirit world, did you have to undergo a long period of rest?

MARJORIE: Not so long as most people under the circumstances. That was because of my music, which helped me to get more quickly adapted to my new surroundings. (*She was a brilliant pianist.*)

SELF: But did you realize you had passed over?

MARJORIE: Not at first. For some while I thought I must still be under some sort of anaesthetic, and was really still at the hospital, as everything seemed so muzzy and hazy and I seemed to be surrounded by people all in a mist.

SELF: There are some people who have the idea that coming back to talk to us after you have passed over makes you temporarily earthbound. Is that so?

MARJORIE: That is so untrue. (*With great emphasis.*) It is quite the reverse. When I found myself over here, I was so upset at first, and wanted to fly straight back to the only real safe anchor I knew, and that was you. Learning that I should be allowed to come back and even talk to you made all the difference, and brought to me a sense of calm that helped me to adjust myself much more quickly to my new surroundings. The earthbound ones are those poor souls who come over here refusing to accept the fact of another world and so continue to be bound to their old earthly haunts, or those who have lived an evil life and are unprepared for entering the spiritual life. They refuse to believe they are dead.

SELF: Does your getting into touch with me here in any way interrupt your progress in the world of Spirit?

MARJORIE: Not a bit. It is so amazing and wonderful to be able to do this that everyone should know of it. I can come back to you with the rapidity of thought. You have no idea of the wonderful sense of freedom one experiences when the body slips away. And remember, too, that we have all our faculties enhanced.

SELF: As you had no relatives on the Other Side, it worried me to think of your passing over with no one to meet you there.

MARJORIE: Oh, but there were so many of my old friends. When I had taken stock of my new surroundings, they came forward to greet me, and then took me to places where the great composers still work. That was heavenly. It was just the very thing to acclimatize me. I found I could still play a piano whenever I liked. It was such joy.

Immediate Reawakening?

Further questions I put to some of the more experienced teachers on the Other Side later on, with their replies, included the following:

Q. When we die, do most of us awake immediately into the new world?

A. Those who have acquired this knowledge of survival wake immediately into full activity in their new surroundings, to which they are already adjusted through all they have already learned during their earth life. Those, however, who have endured a long physical illness before passing need a period of rest and building up before starting on their new life.

Q. Do children who pass over in their infancy grow up in the spirit world?

A. Yes. They grow to the stage of manhood or womanhood that you speak of as "in their prime"—about equivalent to the mid-thirties in your earth years. They remain at that age. Those who pass over in old age revert to their prime, as the years drop away from one on passing. Old age is unknown in our world. That is just a limitation of the physical body.

I have spoken to several psychics who believe they have witnessed the actual transition of the spirit leaving the physical body at death, and

Continued on page 31

The female fate of Terence O'Toole

He could look after himself well enough among the perils of the sea; it was the perils he'd meet on shore that worried Katie

by JOHN DAVIES

YOUNG TERENCE O'TOOLE AND little Katie O'Halloran were parting for ever. There they were, at eleven o'clock at night, going for one another hammer-and-tongs out in the road in front of the cottages. It was an impressive performance.

Indeed, with the dark hills for scenery and the full June moon giving them a bit of light to see by, it was as good as a play on the stage. *And* they had an audience, for Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran were leaning out of their bedroom window, and, next door, Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole were leaning out of theirs. It was a sort of undress circle, as you might say, for they were all four of them in their nightshirts.

"I'm telling you, Terence O'Toole," little Katie was saying, with a shake to her voice that might have been one thing, and then again might have been another, "I'm not intending to go through life with a husband a hundred million miles away from me! And that's my last word."

"It is, is it?" said Terence.

"It is," sang out Mrs. O'Halloran from up above. "Katie's me true and proper daughter. She knows her own mind. It's a relief to know she'll not be throwing herself away on a bog-trottin' O'Toole."

"Shut your face, you old cod," said Mrs. O'Toole, and a great many things more, while Mr. O'Toole and Mr. O'Halloran exchanged delighted winks and nods with each other.

Terence stepped forward in the road below.

"Stop your stupid old chat up there, will you?" he called, "and let me and Katie continue a private conversation in peace and quiet!"

"There is no conversation," said Katie.

"Sure, and there is," said Terence.

"There is not," Katie declared. "I've told you already, me last word on the subject is spoke. Except that I'll tell you, just to finish with, that there's a whole heap more boys in the world than the one a girl grows up beside."

Terence took a deep breath. "So that's it," he said. "All right. Now I'll tell you. It's a sad waste and a shame for any man worth calling a man to let the first feminine woman he comes across get her long hooks into him. A man that's fit to be called a man goes off out into the wide world looking for his fortune and his female fate. It's daft to be thinking he'll find it next door waiting for him."

"You're at liberty to start looking as soon as you like," snapped Katie. And with that, she ran in home and slammed the door.

THE trouble was that young Terence had suddenly decided to go and be a sailor. A bold, adventurous youth at heart, he had all at once heard the call of the deep. And Katie didn't think much of it.

Actually, Katie had been partly responsible for it. A few weeks earlier, the two of them had spent a Saturday in Dublin, and, it being a nice day, they had gone for a trip on the water. The only thing Katie did was to admire the sailors on the pleasure steamer they went on, but it was enough. Terence came home that day

Above the main argument, Mrs. O'Toole spoke to Mrs. O'Halloran. "Shut your face, you old cod," she said

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT, R.I.

thinking what a fine life it would be to haul on a rope or two now and then, or steer on the wheel up on the bridge, in a blue jersey with white letters across the chest, and with all the girls in their summer frocks watching.

And then, when he'd told Katie what he'd made up his mind to do, she wouldn't hear of it. Terence felt very badly used.

But when his mind was made up, it was made up, and off he went, full of heat and soreness, vowing that, whatever the cost, he was going to sea. A man that was worth calling a man didn't knuckle under to a woman like that! Off he went to Dublin. It was still early in the season, and he had hopes of getting taken on aboard a steamer like the one he and Katie had taken their fateful trip on. He was unlucky. That only made him more determined than ever, though, and somehow, before he quite realized it or had been able to work out just how it had happened, he was up in Belfast and signed on aboard the *Northern Prince*, a floating heap of rusty old iron that, the moment Mrs. O'Toole's boy was over her gang-plank, went staggering off across the wide seas of the world.

Young Terence had got to sea all right!

He had a rough time of it to start with, and soon found out that being cooped up for days on end aboard an ocean-going tramp was a bit different from spending a couple of holiday hours on a pleasure steamer. On the excursion the sun had shone all the time, and the sea had been calm and blue. The green shores of Dublin Bay had always been comfortably within sight, and he'd had his sweet and loving Katie by his side, as well as all the other girls on board, to take his mind off the perils of the deep.

But now, as the *Northern Prince* rolled and heaved down the Irish sea and out into the broad Atlantic, the sun never shone at all, the sea was wretchedly rough all the time, and land was soon no more than a memory. Instead of the pretty girls on the passenger deck, there were the ugly brutes of the crew in the fo'c'sle, and instead of Katie holding his arm and smiling up at him, there was the mate to give him a bit of far-from-loving attention once in a while.

Poor Terence. He was seasick. He was lonely. After a while the seasickness wore off, but the loneliness didn't. It got worse. And most of all he was lonely for Katie.

WHEN the *Northern Prince* reached Lisbon, her first port of call, Terence went ashore just as soon as he could manage it. He felt a bit lost at first. He was a stranger in a strange land. But he soon began to perk up a little. This was adventure! The girls, he'd been quick to notice, were no great offence to the eye. . . .

Terence spent the evening with Luisa. Luisa was dark and petite. She was a generous, warm-hearted little thing, just the girl to comfort a poor, lonely sailor lad.

Meanwhile, back in Ireland, Mrs. O'Halloran and Mrs. O'Toole were united in anxiety.

"It's the sad little face on her that's worrying me," said Mrs. O'Halloran.

"Every night I wake up dreaming of me poor boy drownded under the waves," said Mrs. O'Toole.

"Ah, now, it's not so bad as all that," said Shamus.

"Devil a bit," agreed Tim. "Take it easy now. A letter will be comin' any day."

And at last a letter did come. It was from Terence to his mother. That was a great day. Mrs. O'Toole read the letter through twice. Then she called in Mrs. O'Halloran and read it to her. Then, Shamus and Tim and Katie all coming home that afternoon at the same time, off the same bus, she got them all together and read it again. And so it was that they first heard about how Terence was getting on. They heard the whole story, for Terence had always told his mother everything. They heard, among other things, a good deal about Luisa.

"It seems a fine life at that," said Shamus.

In her excitement Mrs. O'Toole hadn't really given any particular thought to Katie, or she might have left out the bits about Luisa. As it was, the damage was done. . . .

Katie suddenly got up and rushed out of the room. Upstairs at home, behind her shut door, she sobbed her heart out.

Time passed, and nothing more was heard of Terence. Katie seemed to grow more and more forlorn. Then at last another letter arrived for Mrs. O'Toole. Port Said, Terence told his mother, wasn't much of a place. But he'd made a friend who was a great comfort to him. The friend's name was Poppy. This time, when Mrs. O'Toole read out the letter, she left out the bits about Poppy. But Katie asked to be allowed to read the letter herself, and Mrs. O'Toole really didn't know how to refuse.

After that, at irregular and infrequent intervals, there came letters from Aden (Belle), Singapore (Lulu) and Hongkong (Little Fair Moon of Delight).

POOR little Katie. It now seemed quite hopeless. Her beloved, faithless Terence was getting farther and farther away, and if anything was certain it was that eventually one of the foreign temptresses he was meeting would turn out to be the female fate he'd gone off to look for. Indeed, it seemed so hopeless that she tried to put Terence out of her mind. She stopped speaking of him, and she began to flirt miserably with Paddy Murphy and Sean O'Neill. But she still cried over Terence in private. He was the one that held her heart and always would, no matter how faithless he might be.

Time went by. Winter passed. Soon Terence had been gone almost a year. Spring came, working fresh havoc in poor Katie's heart. Letters came from Terence from Colombo (Lola), Capetown (Elaine) and Buenos Aires (Carminetta). So far none of the foreign temptresses had hooked him, but Katie told herself wretchedly that even if he should by some miracle get back and still be a bachelor, he certainly wouldn't have any time for a dull little stay-at-home like her. Life continued to be empty and purposeless, and Paddy and Sean—and Tom O'Brien, too, for there was another one of them now—were no substitute at all for dear Terence. Katie was sick and tired of them, and she asked them more and more frequently why they didn't stop hanging around at home and get off out into the world like men.

Then in the early summer there came a development that had nothing at all to do with Terence. One bright and breezy afternoon an enormous limousine rolled to a stop outside the cottages, and out of it got Katie's father's American Uncle Pat and his wife Mary, come all the way from Poughkeepsie, New York State, to visit the old country!

There were great doings then. Pat and Mary were on a tour, and they were supposed to be staying in Dublin for just a day or two before moving on, but they got such a welcome from the O'Hallorans—and the O'Tooles, too, for they were really all one big family—that they decided to stay on for a while and see a bit more of their relations.

It wasn't long before Mary had asked Katie to go back to the States with her and Pat, for a visit. She hated to see the girl so sad, and she thought a holiday and a real change might cheer her up. But Katie, though she was very grateful, refused. Although Terence was never coming back, she wasn't going to risk not being there if he did.

THEN, just as Pat and Mary were getting near the end of their stay, there came another letter. And there was exciting news in it. The *Northern Prince* had got herself mixed up with a hurricane. Two of her crew had been swept overboard, and several others had been injured. Terence himself had got a couple of cracked ribs, and he was writing from hospital in Havana, where the ship had somehow managed to put in.

There was a further interesting item of information. While the *Northern Prince* was in shipyard hands undergoing temporary repairs, the repairs being carried out upon Terence were largely in the hands of—of all people— a pretty Irish nurse!

Mrs. O'Toole got together all the others, including Pat and Mary, and in a hoarse and shaky voice read her son's latest epistle to them.

It was a powerful letter. There was a lot about the hurricane, which according to Terence had beggared description. There was a lot about Shelagh, the nurse, and here, too, Terence was clearly hard put to it to do his subject justice. Shelagh had soft, curly black hair and eyes of the deepest blue, her voice was the sweetest of sweet dreams of home, while as for her figure. . . .

Poor little Katie. Her Terence had been in terrible danger. He had been saved from the cruel sea only to fall into this woman's arms. The woman was Irish, too! It was obviously the end. And it was all too much. As Mrs. O'Toole went on reading, a lost little cry burst from the girl and she buried her face in her hands.

Mary, who was sitting beside her, put an arm round her. "Now, darling," she said. "He's safe enough. A couple of ribs'll take no time at all to mend."

"It's happened!" sobbed Katie, taking no notice. "It's happened!"

"Eh!" said Pat. "What's happened?"

"He's met her! He's met his female fate!"

"Easy now, Katie, darlin'," said Mrs.

Continued on page 29

HARRY HOPKINS REPORTS FROM JAVA

ON his tour of Far East trouble spots, Harry Hopkins, JOHN BULL's senior staff writer, spent several weeks studying the new Indonesia which has arisen since the Dutch withdrew.

. . . visited exotic Bali

He came across many of the picturesque leaders thrown up by this birth of a new country: Kartosuwirjo, the fanatical Muslim, whose murdering, burning bands are trying to set Indonesia aflame in a holy war; the royal family in the palace of the Sultan of Jogjakarta, where lessons in court dances are still a Sunday morning ritual; Fawzi Hussein Rofe, the "English Muslim," who was born in Manchester and combines the rôle of religious leader and teacher of English.

Hopkins travelled through exotic Bali and through parts of Java where armed hold-ups are still frequent.

He has written a three-part report on this teeming nation of islands, where the still over-delicate new partnership of East and West is facing one of its sternest tests. His report will begin in next week's issue of JOHN BULL.

Nothing panics Audrey Russell

by MURIEL SEGAL

Before each broadcast, radio's star girl reporter imagines all the snags that might arise. But the unexpected always happens

Audrey Russell tries to get a microphone interview with a Siamese at a cat show

ONE STILL JUNE NIGHT, radio commentator Audrey Russell found herself locked up alone in the haunted gallery at Hampton Court Palace, nervously waiting for the ghost of Katherine Howard to appear. Although she admits that she felt pretty scared, her voice was as low and steady as usual as she whispered into the microphone: "Here in this bleak bedchamber. . . ."

No ghost appeared, but, as she finished speaking, engineer Colin Begbie, who had been waiting outside, burst in to say that hundreds of listeners were telephoning the B.B.C. claiming that they had heard the thud-thud of ghostly footsteps just before Audrey took over and, moreover, that he himself had heard them through his earphones. Mystified, Audrey insisted that she had neither heard nor seen any ghost. Then suddenly she smiled. She showed Begbie how, while waiting to go on the air, she always rested the heavy microphone against her chest. The ghostly thuds had only been Audrey's heartbeats.

Such adventures are not at all unusual to Audrey Russell, the B.B.C.'s star woman commentator. At all the great pageants and historic ceremonies, she is there in front with her microphone and her vivid sense of drama, describing the scene so that listeners all over the world feel that they are actually present.

Climbed Arch To Fame

However exciting the scene she is witnessing, Audrey herself never gets carried away. The B.B.C. says, "As a woman she is almost unique in her calmness. Even on the most exciting occasions her voice is always low and clear, and her descriptions graphic and controlled." Because she never gets high-pitched and excited, and keeps her head in a crisis, she has been assigned to cover many Royal functions.

This all started, no doubt, on the morning of the Queen's wedding day when, in grey November weather, she had to climb to the top of Admiralty Arch, trying to keep her hair out of her eyes and her hat straight over her earphones with one hand, and coping with stopwatch and microphone with the other. Afterwards they told her that, as she climbed Admiralty Arch, she climbed to fame. Audrey takes their word for it. But since that day she always chooses tight head-hugging hats, wears shorter hair and leaves her gloves at home.

Spent Days On Research

Being radio's ace woman reporter is no easy job. Although a commentary has to sound spontaneous, thorough groundwork is, Audrey believes, the secret of successful radio reporting. Before every programme, she studies the subject, learns the sequence of events, checks up on the personalities she is to mention and rehearses their ranks and titles. But this system is not always foolproof, as she proved when she was sent to Holland to broadcast the inauguration ceremony of Queen Juliana. She spent days poring over photographs and sketches so that she would recognize the Dutch ceremonial uniforms quickly and easily. But at the actual event, to her horror, the high military and court regalia seemed quite different from the pictures she had studied in London. Audrey says she died a thousand deaths on that assignment.

Before every broadcast, she tries to imagine all the unexpected incidents which might possibly happen, and to be prepared for any eventuality. "You can't write a script," she explains, "because anything unforeseen may happen, and then you'd be sunk." So she usually rehearses the opening sentence as something to go on with; from there on she has to wait and see.

Even then, things do not always work out. Recently she broadcast a description of what goes on at night in a big London hospital. She planned to end by letting a patient speak a few words. On the day before the broadcast, she

Continued on page 27

Having a wonderful time on holiday island

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Every year, half a million visitors pour in. Pubs stay open all day. Pork and cream are off ration. Even the cows co-operate to make the Isle of Man carnival go with a bang

Picturesque sight for holidaymakers who leave the crowded gaiety of Douglas to explore the island: the famous Manx herring fleet, gathered in Peel harbour

Problem for Sylvia Wooton, shown here at her Douglas Information Bureau, are the people who arrive without booking. "Their optimism is incredible," she says

EVERY THURSDAY DURING THE Isle of Man's busy summer season, Sydney Perry, borough entertainments manager of Douglas, runs a bathing beauty competition in the Villa Marina Gardens. Perry likes to vary the panel of judges, and one week the decision was left to a man and wife who had won a holiday in the Isle of Man as a prize in a cinema poll contest.

Perry's only explanation for the choice they made—"the least attractive of the bunch"—is that they had probably come from a farm and were judging girls by cattle show standards. "I just couldn't believe it when the slip of paper with the winning number was passed to me," he says. "I asked for a check, but the slip came back with the same number: there was absolutely no doubt in their minds."

Then, to Perry's horror, he saw an empty row of front seats: the committee, too, had heard of the result and, quite understandably, had retreated before the storm broke. He looked down helplessly at several thousand upturned expectant faces. "In the opinion of the judges," he announced, and then repeated: "In the opinion of the judges, the winning number is ——"

Judges Were Smuggled Out

Recalling the incident, Perry still shudders at the howl of protest, the like of which he has never heard in thirty years of corporation entertainment. After the competition, it is usual for the judges to be invited to tea with the committee and the competitors. That Thursday it was thought safer to get the judges away quickly by a side exit.

As Perry is responsible for giving visitors to the Isle of Man as good a time as will induce them to return, any Manxman will agree that his position is a vital one, for the population lives and prospers almost entirely on 500,000 visitors every summer. Solidly behind Perry are the mayor and corporation, and to back them is the Tynwald or Manx Parliament, whose laws are framed primarily with a view to fostering and protecting the "visiting" industry. The visitor must be wooed and won, even if he is from Scotland and—under an ancient, still unrepealed law—can, technically, be shot on sight.

Not only are pork, eggs and cream unrationed to attract the visitor, but as farmer Ffinlo Corkill, Member of the House of Keys, explains, the entire agriculture is geared to producing at the height of the summer. Manx lambs are born early to provide succulent chops in June, and Manx cows are encouraged to do their best when the demand for milk is greatest. Manx scollops are cheap because, by law, a proportion of the catch must be sold on the island, and Manx kippers are unforgettable because they must be cured by smoke without the use of chemical dyes. Tax on beer and stout is lower than on the mainland, and the pubs stay

"There is bathing along stretches of lovely coast, where visitors are as rare as Manx cats." A view of Port St. Mary, in the south of the island

open from ten in the morning till eleven at night, except on Sundays, when the motor coaches and the historical and beauty spots get a turn at raking in the spoils.

In the space of a few generations the Manx have learned to sell themselves and their little island with an efficiency that makes even the Swiss look like amateurs, but Douglas remains one of the cheapest holidays money can buy anywhere in Britain. Without a Catering Wages Act, hotel and boarding-house charges can be kept invitingly low. Since there is no entertainment tax, for three shillings a visitor can see a cabaret of top variety artists, with dancing at the Villa Marina ballroom. Perry's two orchestras alone cost him £1,500 a week. Farther down the promenade, Douglas Barwell, general manager of the Palace and Derby Castle, Limited, offers a two-hour show at the Coliseum, and dancing to the Squadronaires at the Palace next door, for two shillings. The secret is numbers. More than 11,500 have been known to pass through the Palace turnstiles in one day.

The Gold Rush Is Over

Big fortunes are being made in Douglas, though any "come-overs," other than experts like Perry, imported for a specific job, are likely to find it a tight and ruthless closed shop. Time never made a Manxman: like being a horse or a Brahmin, he has to be born one. The story is told of a Manxwoman who had to go across to England urgently to see a dying relative, but a rough passage caused her to give birth to her baby sooner than expected. She returned to the island a week later. In due course, the child became a prominent citizen of Douglas, but he was never anything but a "come-over." There are, of course, "come-overs" in business doing very well, often more zealous guardians of the preserve than the indigenous Celtic-Viking blooded Manx themselves, but for the rest the gold rush is over. The claims have been staked.

From a deck chair on the terrace of the Fort Anne Hotel, the view is of Perry's sphere of activities, the teeming foreshore, with its wide crescent of sand sloping gently into the froth of caressing, fan-shaped rollers. At night the promenade is lit with scolloped chains of colour extending out along the piers. In the centre of the harbour is the shape of a tower dotted out in light: Douglas is proud of its Tower of Refuge, built there upon Conister Rock by a famous Manxman, Sir William Hilary, founder of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Four years ago, fourteen visitors had to return from the Isle of Man, as there was nowhere for them to stay. "That," says Leonard Bond of the Publicity Board, "will never happen again." The Publicity Board spends £40,000 a year on advertising the island, and those were fourteen failures. In the event of such another emergency, Perry now has a stand-by plan for rushing camp beds to the Villa Marina, so that men and women can sleep in separate dormitories, and use the restaurant for their meals.

Sydney Perry (left) talks over his plans with Councillor Doug Lewis. The secret is in numbers

Barring the well-to-do, practically every Douglas housewife becomes a landlady for the busy twelve or fourteen weeks when the family gives up its rooms and dosses down in the kitchen after the visitors have gone up to their beds. There are few staff problems at this level, as father and the children all lend a hand. Full board and lodging is to be had in some of the back streets for as little as £3 a week, with whole families of visitors packed into a single room. They have been known to let anything for the night in Douglas—sofas and divans in the living-rooms, attics, baths.

Wakes Weeks Are Boom Times

A standard-fixing organization exists — the Isle of Man Catering and Visiting Industry Association. But its members accommodate only about half of the island's total capacity of about 50,000 visitors a week. The chairman is Councillor Doug Lewis, a retired police officer, now working whole-time at the house he started a quarter of a century ago. Lewis has twenty-five rooms in which he manages to fit about 500 guests each season for an inclusive charge (breakfast, lunch and high tea) of £5 2s. 6d. to £7 7s. a week. Visitors are mainly the Wakes Weeks crowds from Lancashire and Yorkshire, with a fair number from the Midlands and the Scottish mining towns.

On a much larger scale, a little farther up the promenade from Lewis, is Armour Walker, a "come-over" who once spent a holiday there and eventually married the landlord's daughter. Now the landlord himself, Walker answers all queries in his own handwriting, as he feels this gives his establishment the homely touch, and his guests, he claims, are more of the foreman type with a sprinkling of footballers. Alec Finney, the Bolton player, used to come regularly: once when Finney wanted to get up a friendly game, he went round the beach and in half an hour was able to find two teams of professionals, including four international players.

Instead of high tea, Walker serves late dinner; his all-in rate is £6 9s. 6d. With eighty rooms he is able to make enough in three months to

Continued on page 30

They do it with mirrors

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Miss Marple knew the murderer; she knew why and how he had killed. She also knew why Edgar Lawson had behaved as he had that night

ON THE NIGHT CHRISTIAN GULBRANDSEN was murdered at Stonygates, a country house which was also a college for juvenile delinquents, the attention of the household had been diverted by a curious incident.

One of the "cases," hysterical young Edgar Lawson, who lived with the family, had created a scene. Lewis Serrocold, the college's idealistic head, attempting to quieten him, drew him into his study. There, Edgar Lawson tried to shoot him—but missed. It was during those crucial moments that Christian Gulbrandsen had been shot.

Miss Marple—the shrewd little amateur sleuth who was staying at the house as a friend of Serrocold's wife, Carrie Louise—recalled the incident. A chance remark by Inspector Curry, the detective in charge of the case, set her thinking furiously.

Referring to theatrical illusions, the inspector had said: "The illusion is in the eye of the beholder. A stage set is real enough."

Very true, thought Miss Marple; very true, indeed. She knew now who the murderer was, and why and how he had done it.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Miss Marple Explains

INSPECTOR CURRY said rather impatiently: "Yes, Miss Marple?" Miss Marple said: "Could we, do you think, go into the great hall?"

Inspector Curry looked faintly surprised. "Is that your idea of privacy? Surely in here——" He looked round the study.

"It's not privacy I'm thinking of so much. It's something I want to show you. Something Alex Restarick made me see."

Inspector Curry, stifling a sigh, got up and followed Miss Marple.

"Somebody has been talking to you?" he suggested hopefully.

"No," said Miss Marple. "It's not a question of what people have said. It's really a question of conjuring tricks. They do it with mirrors, you know—that sort of thing—if you understand me."

Inspector Curry did not understand. He stared and wondered if Miss Marple was quite right in the head.

Miss Marple took up her stand and beckoned the inspector to stand beside her.

"I want you to think of this place as a stage set, Inspector. As it was on the night Christian Gulbrandsen was killed. You're here in the audience looking at the people on the stage. Mrs. Serrocold and myself and Mrs. Strete, and Gina and Stephen—and, just like on the stage, there are entrances and exits and the characters go out to different places. Only you don't think when you're in the audience where they really are going. They go out 'to the front door' or 'to the kitchen,' and when the door opens you see a little bit of painted backcloth. But *really*, of course, they go out to the wings—or the back of the stage with carpenters and electricians, and other characters waiting to come on. They go out, you see, to a different world."

"I don't quite see, Miss Marple——"

"Oh, I know—I dare say it sounds very silly—but if you think of this as a play and the scene is 'the great hall at Stonygates,' what exactly is *behind* the scene? I mean—what is back stage? The *terrace*—isn't it?—the terrace *and a lot of windows opening on to it*. And that, you see, is how the conjuring trick was done. It was the trick of the Lady Sawn in Half that made me think of it."

"The Lady Sawn in Half?" Inspector Curry was now quite sure that Miss Marple was a mental case.

"A most thrilling conjuring trick. You must have seen it—only not really one girl but two girls. The head of one and the feet of the other. It looks like one person and is really two. And so I thought it could just as well be *the other way about*. *Two* people could be really one person."

"Two people really one?" Inspector Curry looked desperate.

"Yes. Not for long. How long did your constable take in the park to run to this house and back? Two minutes and forty-five seconds, wasn't it? This would be less than that. Well under two minutes."

"What was under two minutes?"

"The conjuring trick. The trick when it wasn't two people but one person. In there—in the study. We're only looking at the visible part of the stage. Behind the scenes there is the terrace and a *row of windows*. So easy when there are two people in the study to open the study window, get out, run along the terrace (those footsteps Alex heard), in at the side door, shoot Christian Gulbrandsen and run back, and during that time the other person in the study does both voices so that we're all quite sure there are *two* people in there. And so there were most of the time, but not for that little period of under two minutes."

CURRY found his breath and his voice. "Do you mean that it was *Edgar Lawson* who ran along the terrace and shot Gulbrandsen? Edgar Lawson who poisoned Mrs. Serrocold?"

"But you see, Inspector, *no one has been poisoning Mrs. Serrocold at all*. That's where the misdirection comes in. Someone very cleverly used the fact that Mrs. Serrocold's sufferings from arthritis were not unlike the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. It's the old conjurer's trick of forcing a card on you. Quite easy to add arsenic to a bottle of tonic—quite easy to add a few lines to a typewritten letter. But the *real* reason for Mr. Gulbrandsen's coming here was the most likely reason—something to do with the Gulbrandsen Trust. Money, in fact. Suppose that there had been embezzlement—embezzlement on a very big scale. You see where that points? To just one person——"

"Lewis Serrocold?"

"*Lewis Serrocold.*"

* * *

Part of letter from Gina Hudd to her aunt, Mrs. Van Rydock.

. . . and so you see, darling Aunt Ruth, the whole thing has been just like a nightmare—especially the end of it. I've told you all about this funny young man, Edgar Lawson. He always was a complete rabbit—and when the inspector began questioning him and breaking him down, he lost his nerve completely and scuttled like a rabbit. Just lost his nerve and ran—literally ran. Jumped out of the window and round the house and down the drive, and then there was a policeman coming to head him off, and he swerved and ran full tilt for the lake. He leaped into a rotten old punt that's mouldered there for years and pushed off. Quite a mad, senseless thing to do, of course, but, as I say, he was just a panic-stricken rabbit.

And then Lewis gave a great shout and said: "That punt's rotten," and raced off to the lake, too. The punt went down and there was Edgar struggling in the water. He couldn't swim. Lewis jumped in and swam out to him. He got to him, but they were both in difficulty because they'd got among the reeds. One of the inspector's men went in with a rope round him, but he got entangled, too, and they had to pull him in.

Aunt Mildred said: "They'll drown—they'll drown—they'll both drown . . ." in a silly sort of way, and Grandam just said "Yes." I can't describe to you just how she made that one word sound. Just "yes," and it went through you like—like a sword.

And then—when it was all over, and they'd got them out and tried artificial respiration (but it was no good), the inspector came to us and said to Grandam:

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Serrocold, there's no hope."

Grandam said very quietly: "Thank you, Inspector."

Then she looked at us all. Me, longing to help but not knowing how, and Jolly, looking grim and tender and ready to minister as usual, and Stephen stretching out his hands, and funny old Miss Marple looking so sad and tired, and even Wally looking upset. All so fond of her and wanting to do something.

But Grandam just said: "Mildred." And Aunt Mildred said: "Mother." And they went away together into the house, Grandam looking so small and frail and leaning on Aunt Mildred. I never realized until then how fond of each other they were. It didn't show much, you know.

Gina paused and sucked the end of her fountain pen. She resumed:

About me and Wally—we're coming back to the States as soon as we can. . . .

* * *

Miss Marple looked thoughtfully at the two other people in the room—Carrie Louise, thinner and frailer and yet curiously untouched, and the

Edgar Lawson, his nerve completely gone, headed for the lake. The policeman was close on his heels when Serrocold came racing towards them

old man with the sweet smile and thick white hair, Dr. Galbraith, Bishop of Cromer.

The bishop took Carrie Louise's hand in his. "This has been a great sorrow to you, my poor child, and a great shock."

"A sorrow, yes, but not a shock." She looked at Miss Marple. "What made you guess, Jane?"

MISS MARPLE said, almost apologetically: "It was really you, Carrie Louise. As soon as I realized that people were wrong when they said you lived in another world from this and were out of touch with reality, I began to get a glimpse of the truth. Because it was reality you were in touch with, and not the illusion. You are never deceived by illusion like most of us are. When I suddenly realized that, I saw that I must go by what *you* thought and felt. You were quite sure that no one would try to poison you, you couldn't believe it—and you were quite right *not* to believe it, because it wasn't so! You never believed that Edgar would harm Lewis—and again you were right. He never *would* have harmed Lewis. You were sure that Gina did not love anyone but her husband—and that again was quite true.

"So, therefore, if I was to go by you, all the things that *seemed* to be true were only illusions. Illusions created for a definite purpose—in the same ways that conjurers create illusions, to deceive an audience. We were the audience.

"Alex Restarick got an inkling of the truth first because he had the chance of seeing things from a different angle—from the outside angle. He was with the inspector in the drive and he looked at the house and realized the possibilities of the windows—and he remembered the sound of running feet he had heard that night, and then the timing of the constable showed him what a very short time things take to what we should imagine they would take. The constable panted a lot, and later, thinking of a puffing constable, I remembered that Lewis Serrocold was out of breath that night when he opened the study door. He'd just been running hard, you see.

"But Edgar Lawson was the pivot of it all. There was always something wrong to me about Edgar Lawson. All the things he said and did were exactly right for what he was supposed to be, but he himself wasn't right. Because he was actually a normal young man playing the part of a schizophrenic—and he was always, as it were, a little larger than life. He was always theatrical.

"It must have all been very carefully planned and thought out. Lewis must have realized on the occasion of Christian's last visit that something had aroused his suspicions. And he knew Christian well enough to know that if he suspected, he would not rest until he had satisfied himself that his suspicions were either justified or unfounded."

Carrie Louise stirred. "Yes," she said. "Christian was like that. Slow and painstaking, but actually very shrewd. I don't know what it was that aroused his suspicions, but he started investigating—and he found out the truth."

THE bishop said: "I blame myself for not having been a more conscientious trustee."

"It was never expected of you to understand finance," said Carrie Louise. "That was originally Mr. Gilfoy's province. Then, when he died, Lewis's great experience put him in what amounted to complete control. And that, of course, was what went to his head."

The pink colour came up in her cheeks.

"Lewis was a great man," she said. "A man of great vision, and a passionate believer in what could be accomplished—with money. He didn't want it for himself—or at least not in the greedy, vulgar sense. He did want the power of it. He wanted the power to do great good with it——"

"He wanted," said the bishop, "to be God." His voice was suddenly stern. "He forgot that man is only the humble instrument of God's will."

"And so he embezzled the Trust funds?" said Miss Marple.

Dr. Galbraith hesitated. "It wasn't only that. . . ."

"Tell her," said Carrie Louise. "She is my oldest friend."

The bishop said: "Lewis Serrocold was what one might call a financial wizard. In his years of highly technical accountancy, he had amused himself by working out various methods of swindling which were practically foolproof. This had been merely an academic study, but when he once began to envisage the possibilities that a vast sum of money could encompass, he put these methods into practice. You see, he had at his disposal some first-class material. Among the boys who passed through here, he chose a small, select band. They were boys whose bent was naturally criminal, who loved excitement and who had a very high order of intelligence."

He paused. "We've not got nearly to the bottom of it all, but it seems clear that this esoteric circle was secret and specially trained, and its members were placed in key positions, where, by carrying out Lewis's directions, books were falsified in such a way that large sums of money were converted without any suspicion being aroused. I gather that the operations and the ramifications are so complicated that it will be months before the auditors can unravel it all. But the net result seems to be that under various names and banking

Blue haze on a golden morning—the way lies open and the day's before you. Hiking, biking or motoring, as you follow your road through the quiet country, from time to time refresh yourself with the flavour of sun-drenched fruit . . . Rowntree's Fruit Gums . . . soothing, long-lasting as the day itself.

accounts and companies, Lewis Serrocold would have been able to dispose of a colossal sum with which he intended to establish an overseas colony for a co-operative experiment in which juvenile delinquents should eventually own this territory and administer it. It may have been a fantastic dream——"

"It was a dream that might have come true," said Carrie Louise.

"Yes, it might have come true. But the means Lewis Serrocold adopted were dishonest means, and Christian Gulbrandsen discovered that. He was very upset, particularly by the realization of what the discovery and the probable prosecution of Lewis would mean to you, Carrie Louise."

"That's why he asked me if my heart was strong and seemed so worried about my health," said Carrie Louise. "I couldn't understand it at the time."

"Then," went on the bishop, "Lewis Serrocold arrived back from the north, and Christian met him outside the house and told him that he knew what was going on. Lewis took it calmly, I think. Both men agreed they must do all they could to spare you. Christian said he would write to me and ask me to come here, as a co-trustee, to discuss the position."

"But of course," said Miss Marple, "Lewis Serrocold had already prepared for this emergency. It was all planned. He had brought the young man who was to play the part of Edgar Lawson to the house. There was a real Edgar Lawson—of course—in case the police looked up his record. This false Edgar knew exactly what he had to do—act the part of a schizophrenic victim of persecution, and give Lewis Serrocold an alibi for a few vital minutes.

"The next step had been thought out, too. Lewis's story that you, Carrie Louise, were being slowly poisoned. . . . When one actually comes to think of it, there was only Lewis's story of what Christian had told *him*—that, and a few lines added on the typewriter while he was waiting for the police. It was easy to add arsenic to the tonic. No danger for you there—since he was on the spot to prevent your drinking it. The chocolates were just an added touch—and, of course, the original chocolates weren't poisoned, only those he substituted before turning them over to Inspector Curry."

"And Alex guessed," said Carrie Louise.

"Yes—that's why he collected your nail parings. They would show if arsenic actually had been administered over a long period. . . ."

"But surely," said the bishop, "Lewis was taking a big risk in persuading Edgar to be his accomplice—even if he had some sort of hold over him."

Carrie shook her head. "It wasn't exactly a hold over him. Edgar was devoted to Lewis."

"Yes," said Miss Marple. "Like Leonard Wylie and his father. I wonder perhaps if. . . ." She paused delicately.

"You saw the likeness, I suppose?" said Carrie Louise.

"So you knew that all along?"

"I guessed. I knew Lewis had once had a short infatuation for an actress, before he met me. He told me about it. I've no doubt at all that Edgar was actually Lewis's son."

"Yes," said Miss Marple. "That explains everything."

"And he gave his life for him in the end," said Carrie Louise. She looked pleadingly at the bishop. "He did, you know."

There was a silence and then Carrie Louise said: "I'm glad it ended that way—with his life given in the hope of saving the boy. People who can be very good can be very bad, too. I always knew that was true about Lewis. . . . But he loved me very much, and I loved him," she added simply.

GINA said: "I think Grandam will be quite all right with Aunt Mildred. Aunt Mildred seems much nicer now—not so peculiar, if you know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean," said Miss Marple.

"So Wally and I will go back to the States in a fortnight's time." Gina cast a look sideways at her husband. "I shall forget all about Stonygates and Italy and all my girlish past, and become a hundred per cent American. Our son will be always addressed as Junior. I can't say fairer than that, can I, Wally?"

Miss Marple looked from one to the other. It was very nice, she thought, to see two young people so much in love, and Walter Hudd was completely transformed from the sulky young man she had first encountered into a good-humoured, smiling giant.

"You two remind me," she said, "of——"

Gina rushed forward and placed a hand firmly over Miss Marple's mouth.

"No, darling!" she exclaimed. "Don't say it. I'm suspicious of these village parallels. They've always got a sting in the tail. You really are a wicked old woman, you know." Her eyes went misty. "When I think of you, and Aunt Ruth and Grandam all being young together. . . . How I wonder what you were all like! I can't imagine it somehow. . . ."

"I don't suppose you can," said Miss Marple. "It was all a long time ago. . . ."

THE END

"They Do It With Mirrors" will be published in book form in the autumn by Collins, price 9s. 6d.

TAKE MY TIP

I USED to think that articles made from plastic could never be repaired, and my three-year-old son's cupboard was full of broken toys. Then I learned a trick of the trade—a soldering iron, without solder or resin. It works well with most types of the more pliable plastics. Even a heated iron spoon will do at a pinch.

Simply hold the broken pieces of the article together and run the tip of the iron lightly and quickly along the

break until the edges fuse together. You must be quick, or else the plastic will melt. —C. R. Rimmer, Southport.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text.*

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Continued from page 9

man who had lived a lot of his life alone out in the wilds.

For my grandson.
To be attached to my will.
"Campbell's Kingdom,"
Come Lucky,
B.C.
March 15, 1947.

Dear Bruce,

It is possible you may recall our one meeting, since the circumstances were peculiar. With your mother's death I became entirely cut off from you, but in the last few weeks I have been able to obtain some information concerning your progress and your military record in the recent conflict. This leads me to believe that there is enough of the Campbell in you for me to hand on to you the aims, hopes and obligations that through age and misfortune I have been unable to fulfil.

I imagine that you are fully informed of the circumstances of my imprisonment. After my release I returned to Canada to prove what I knew to be true. With the help of kind friends I formed the Campbell Oil Exploration Company. All my shares in this I leave to you, together with the territory in which my bones will rest. If you are the man I hope you are, you will accept this challenge, so that I may rest in peace and my life be justified in the end. May the Good Lord guide you and keep you in this task and may success, denied to me by the frailty of old age, attend your efforts.

Your Humbled and Grateful
Grandfather,
Stuart Macaulay Campbell.

PS.—The diary of my efforts to prove the existence of oil up here you will find with my Bible.—S.M.C.

FOR a long time I sat staring at the wall, picturing this strange, God-fearing man alone in that log cabin high in the Rocky Mountains, isolated by winter snow, carefully penning this letter to his unknown grandson. Then I read it through again, more slowly. Every word carried weight—and his honesty and simplicity shone through it like a clean wind out of the high mountains.

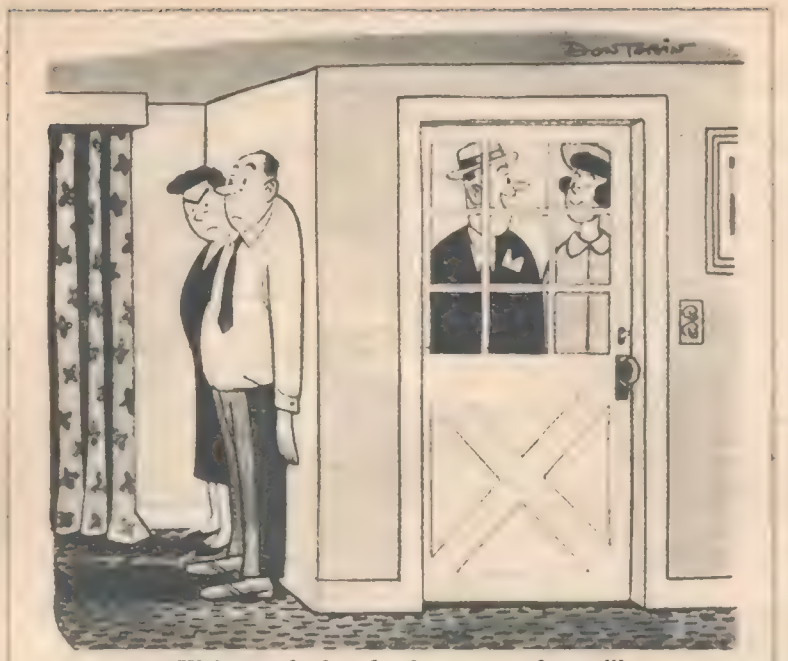
I had a feeling of guilt at having accepted so readily the verdict of the courts, at never having troubled to discover what he had done on leaving prison. And then, taken out of myself, I realized that I was no longer afraid, no longer alone. I had a purpose and an urgency.

The other papers which Fothergill had left me seemed prosaic and dull after reading what my grandfather had written. There was the will, couched in legal terms and signed "this Fifteenth day of March, Nineteen hundred and forty-seven." It bequeathed "to my grandson, Bruce Campbell Wetheral, sometime Captain in the Royal Armoured Corps, all my property and effects, together with such debts, obligations and hopes as I shall have at the time of my death," and it appointed Messrs. Donald McCrae and Acheson, solicitors, as executors. There was a letter from them explaining the hydro-electric project and attached to it was a deed of sale for my signature.

"There is no question of obtaining a better offer. Indeed, you must agree that we have been fortunate in promoting the company's interests in the particular area included in your legacy and we feel sure that you will appreciate the urgency of your signature to the attached deed of sale if your legacy is to have any value and if the debts and obligations referred to in your grandfather's will are to be met. Please deliver the signed deed to Mr. Fothergill, of Anstey, Fothergill and Anstey, who represent us in London."

Every line of their letter took it for granted that I should agree to sell. I tossed it back on to the table and as I did so, I caught sight of the newspaper cutting lying on the floor where I had dropped it. I picked it up and continued reading where I had left off.

"... *Only those whose values are entirely material will belittle his efforts because time has proved him wrong. He was a man of boundless energy and he squandered it recklessly in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp of black gold. But people who know him best, like Johnnie Carstairs and Jean Lucas, the young Englishwoman who for the last few years has housekept for him during the summer months, declare that it was not the pursuit of riches that drove him in his later years, but the desire to prove himself right and to recover the losses suffered by so many people who invested in his early ventures.*"



"We're in luck—they're not at home!"

I put the cutting down and sat staring at the wall, trying to picture the place in my mind. I was suddenly possessed with an urge to see it, to discover for myself something of the faith, the indomitable hope, that had sent my grandfather back there after conviction and imprisonment. It couldn't have been an easy decision for him. The newspaper cutting had hinted that many people out there had lost heavily through backing him. It must have been hell for him. And yet he had gone back. Failure and twenty-two years of utter loneliness had not destroyed his faith. His letter proved that. If I could take up where he had left off. . . .

I realized with a shock that I had bridged the gap of 6,000 miles that separated me from Campbell's Kingdom and was imagining myself already up there. For a few minutes I had forgotten Maclean-Hervey's pronouncement. It was absurd. I'd no knowedge of oil, and yet. . . . The alternative was to sign that deed of sale. I went over to the table and picked it up. If I signed it Fothergill had said I might get 10,000 dollars out of it in six months' time. It would pay for my funeral; that was about all the good it would be to me. To sign it was unthinkable.

And then it gradually came to me that what had at first seemed absurd was the most reasonable thing for me to do, the only thing. To remain in London, an insurance clerk in the same monotonous rut to the end, was impossible with this prospect, this hope of achievement dangled in front of my eyes. I tore the deed of sale across and flung the pieces on to the floor. I would go to Canada. I would try to carry out the provisions of my grandfather's will.

IT took me just a week to get to Calgary. Taking into account that this included a night's flying across the Atlantic and two and a half days by train across Canada, I think I did pretty well. It did not take me long to clear up my own affairs but the major obstacle was foreign exchange. Here I had a slice of luck. Maclean-Hervey, to whom I took the problem, managed to get me special permission from the Canadian Government to emigrate—permission especially difficult in view of my condition. I think, too, that my sense of urgency communicated itself to those responsible for clearing my papers.

Throughout the journey I had that queer feeling of detachment that comes to anyone suddenly jerked out of the rut of life and thrust upon a new country. I remember feeling very tired, but physical exhaustion was overlaid by mental excitement. I felt like a pioneer. There was even a touch of the knight errant in the picture I built up of myself, tearing across the globe to tilt at the Rocky Mountains and make an old man's dream come true. It was all a little unreal.

The night before we reached Calgary, just after we had left Moose Jaw, the coloured attendant brought a telegram to my sleeper. It was from Donald McCrae and Acheson:

For Bruce Campbell Wetheral, Canadian Pacific Railways, Coach B 11, The Dominion, No. 7.

Important you come direct to our offices, 324, 8th Avenue, Calgary. Purchasers have given us till tomorrow night to complete deal. This is your last chance to dispose of property. Signed—Acheson.

I lay back and stared at the message, thinking of all the cabling that must have gone on before they were able to locate me on a train half-way across Canada. They were certainly a very thorough and determined firm. They'd have me sell whether I wanted to or not. I crumpled the form up and dropped it on the floor. Like Fothergill, they found it impossible to accept my attitude.

We arrived at Calgary at 8.30 a.m. Mountain Time and I went straight to the Palliser Hotel. It was a palatial place, railway-owned like so many of the Canadian hotels, a symbol of the way the country had been opened up. I had breakfast and then rang Acheson's office and made an appointment for eleven o'clock.

The firm of Donald McCrae and Acheson had their offices in an old brick building among a litter of oil companies. There were four doors, the one on my immediate right being that of Donald McCrae and Acheson. But it was the name on the door to my left—The Roger Fergus Oil Development Company, Ltd.—that caught my eye, for it was the name of the man who had backed my grandfather. The other two doors were occupied by Louis Winnick, Oil Consultant and Surveyor, and Henry Fergus, Stockbroker. Under the latter and newly painted-in was the name—The Larsen Mining and Development Company, Ltd.

I glanced at my watch. It was just eleven. I found myself strangely nervous. The atmosphere of the place was one of business and money. Sentiment seemed out of place. I went through the door marked "Donald McCrae and Acheson, Solicitors." A girl secretary showed me through into Acheson's office. He was a big man, rather florid, with smooth cheeks that shone slightly as though they had been rubbed with pumice stone. He had a high, domed forehead and round blue eyes.

"Mr. Wetheral?" He rose to greet me and his hand was soft and plump. "Glad to see you." He waved me to a chair and sat down. "Cigar?"

I shook my head.

"Pity you didn't write me before you came out," he said. "I could have saved you the journey. However, now you're here maybe I can clear up any points that are worrying you." He flicked a switch on the house phone box. "Ellen. Bring in the Campbell file, will you? Now then . . ." He sat back and clipped the end of a cigar. "Fothergill writes that for some reason best known to yourself you don't want to sell."

"No," I said. "Not till I've seen the place, anyway."

He gave a grunt. "Did Fothergill give you all the details?"

"Yes," I said. "But I wasn't able to get the position regarding the mineral rights clear and——"

"Mineral rights!" He laughed. "I wouldn't worry about the mineral rights, if I were you." He leaned back and stared at me out of small, clear blue eyes. "It's oil you're thinking of, is it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Roger Fergus had a geophysical outfit up in the Kingdom last summer and Louis Winnick's report on that survey finally damns Campbell's ideas about oil up there as a lot of moonshine." He reached forward and pulled a document from the file. "Here's a copy of that report." He tossed it on to the desk in front of me. "Take it away and read it at your leisure. In any case, the mineral rights don't belong to you. They belong to Roger Fergus."

"But I thought I had a controlling interest in The Campbell Oil Exploration Company?"

"Certainly you do. But the mineral rights were mortgaged as security for the cash Fergus advanced the company. Of course," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, "that was just a matter of form. They weren't worth anything. Roger Fergus knew that. He was just being kind to the old fellow and we fixed it that way so that Campbell wouldn't think it was charity."

HE paused, evidently to let this piece of information sink in. His manner was vastly different to Fothergill's—to any solicitor I had ever met, for that matter. It was more the manner of a business man, hard and factual. He was like a battering ram and I could feel him trying to steamroller me into selling. To gain time and sort out my impressions, I glanced down at the report and my attention was caught by the final paragraph: "... *Therefore I have no hesitation in saying there is absolutely no possibility whatever of oil being discovered on this property. Signed, Louis Winnick, Oil Consultant.*"

"Is a survey of this nature conclusive?" I asked him.

"Not entirely. It won't prove the presence of oil. But it's pretty well a hundred per cent in indicating that a territory is not oil-bearing. In this case, when you read the report through you'll find that the strata under the surface are far too broken up to contain any oil traps."

"I see."

So that was that. My grandfather's vision of a great new oilfield in the Rockies was scientifically disproved. I suddenly felt tired and dispirited. I had come a long way, buoyed up with the feeling that I had a mission to accomplish. "I'd like to see the place," I murmured.

He leaned back and drew slowly on his cigar. "I'm afraid that's impossible. It's still winter in the mountains and most of the roads are blocked. The Kingdom is a goodish way from any railroad. You might not get through for a month, maybe more. Meantime, the company that's interested in the

property has got to get organized so that work on the dam begins as soon as they can get up there. The season is a short one."

He searched among the papers on his desk. "Here you are." He pushed a document across to me. "All you have to do is sign that. I'll look after the rest. You'll see the figure they agree to pay is 50,000 dollars. It's a damn sight more than the property is worth. But they're willing to pay that figure to avoid a court action on compensation. They already have the authority of the Provincial Parliament to go ahead with the construction, so whether you sign or not they are in a position to take over the property and flood it, subject to payment of compensation."

I didn't say anything and there was an awkward silence. I was thinking that the dam had still to be built. For a few months the Kingdom could be mine. Even if there wasn't any oil, it was a patch of land that belonged to me. I'd never owned any property before. I'd never really owned anything.

"Well?"

I stared down at the deed of sale. "I notice you've not inserted the name of the purchasing company."

"No." He seemed to hesitate. "A subsidiary will be formed to operate the power scheme. If you'll sign the deed, I'll insert the name of the company as soon as it's formed. Then there'll be just the deeds and the land registration to be settled. I'll look after all that." His eyes fastened on mine, waiting.

"You seem very anxious for me to sell," I murmured.

"It's in your interests." He took the cigar out of his mouth and leaned forward, his eyes narrowed. "For two pins I'd tell you to get somebody else to handle your affairs. I've had nothing but trouble acting for Stuart Campbell and not a nickel for it. As it happens, I act for old Roger Fergus. He's sunk nearly 40,000 dollars in Campbell's company. Now that Campbell's dead, I consider it my duty to see that the company is wound up and that debt paid off." He leaned over, tapping my shoulder with a large, podgy hand. "I'd go further. I'd say that you have a moral obligation to see that Roger Fergus is repaid." He turned slowly away and resumed his seat at his desk. "You've got till this evening," he said.

LEAVING the office, I checked at the sight of the door opposite me. The Roger Fergus Oil Development Company. On a sudden impulse, I opened the door and went in.

"I'm looking for Mr. Fergus," I told the secretary.

"Old Mr. Fergus?" She shook her head. "He hasn't been coming to the office for a long time now. He's been ill."

"Oh." I hesitated.

"Is your business urgent? Because his son, Mr. Henry Fergus——"

"No," I said. "It wasn't really business—more a social call. He was a great friend of my grandfather, Stuart Campbell."

Her eyes lit up in her rather pale face. "I met Mr. Campbell once." She smiled. "He was a wonderful old man—quite a character. There was an awful lot about him in the papers when he died." She hesitated and then said, "I'll ring Mr. Fergus's home. I'm sure he'd like to see you if he's well enough. He had a stroke, you know. He's paralysed all down one side and he tires very easily."

But apparently it was all right. He would see me if I went straight over. "But the nurse says you're not to stay more than five minutes. The Fergus Farm is a little way out of town on the far side of the Bow River. The cab drivers all know it."

I thanked her and went down the stairs.

The Fergus home was a low, sprawling ranchhouse building. A manservant let me in and I was taken through into a great lounge hall full of trophies, prizes taken by cattle and horses at shows up and down the country.

A nurse took charge of me and I was shown into a sombre study with the temperature of a hothouse. There were few books. The walls were lined with photographs of oil rigs, drilling crews, oil fires, a panorama of snow-covered mountains, horses, cattle, cowhands, chuck wagon races, cattle shows. And there were drilling bits, odd pieces of metal, trophies of a dozen different money-making discoveries. All these I took in at a glance; and then my gaze came to rest on the man seated in a wheelchair.

He was a big man, broad shouldered with massive, gnarled hands and a great shock of white hair. He had a fine face with bushy, tufty eyebrows and a way of craning his neck forward like a bird.

"So you're Stuart's grandson." He spoke out of one corner of his mouth; the other was twisted by paralysis. "Sit down. He often spoke of you. Had great hopes that one day you'd be managing an oilfield for him. Damned old fool." His voice was surprisingly gentle.

"Five minutes, that's all," the nurse said and went out.

"Like a drink?" He reached down with his long arm to a cupboard under the nearest pedestal of the desk. "She doesn't know I've got it," he said, nodding towards the door through which the nurse had passed. "Not supposed to have it. Henry smuggles it in for me. That's my son. Hopes it'll kill me off," he added with a malicious twinkle. He poured out two Scotches, neat. "Your health, young feller."

"And yours, sir," I said.

"I haven't got any." He waved his left hand vaguely. "They're all hanging around waiting for me to die. That's what happens when you've made a fortune." He craned forward, peering at me from under his eyebrows. "You're from the Old Country, aren't you? What brought you to Canada? Think you're going to drill a discovery well up in the Kingdom?"

"There doesn't seem much chance of that," I said. "Acheson just showed me the report on that survey."

"Ah, yes. A pity. And Bladen was so enthusiastic. Good boy, Bladen. He did the geophysical test, you know. Well now, what's the purpose of this visit?"

"You were a friend of my grandfather's," I said. "I wanted to meet you."

"Fine." He peered at me. "Any financial propositions up your sleeve?"

"No," I said. "It never occurred to me——"

"That's okay." He gave me a twisted smile. "When you're old and rich you get kinda suspicious about people's motives. Now then, tell me about yourself."

I started to tell him about Fothergill's visit to my digs in London, and then suddenly I was telling him the whole story, about Maclean-Hervey's verdict and my decision to emigrate. When I had finished, his eyes, which had been closed, flickered open. "Fine pair we are," he said and he managed a contorted grin that somehow made me realize that he was still something of a boy at heart. "So now they're going to drown the Kingdom and you're here to act as midwife. Well, maybe it's for the best. It brought Stuart nothing but trouble." He gave a little sigh and closed his eyes.

I liked him and because of that I felt I had to get the financial obligations settled. "I've seen Acheson," I said. "He'll settle up with you for the amount you advanced to the company. But I'm afraid the purchase price they're prepared to pay won't cover the survey."

HE fixed his grey eyes on me. "I thought this wasn't a business visit," he barked. "To hell with the money. You don't have to worry about that. You're under no obligation as far as I'm concerned. Do you understand? If you want to throw good money after bad and drill a well, go ahead."

I laughed. "I'm not in a position to drill a well," I said. "In any case, you're the only person who could do that. You own the mineral rights."

"Yes. I'd forgotten that." He took my glass and returned it with the bottle and his own glass to the cupboard. Then he leaned back and closed his eyes. "The mineral rights." His voice was a barely audible murmur. "I wonder why Bladen was so keen; as keen as Stuart." His left shoulder twitched in the slightest of shrugs. "I'd like to have seen one more discovery well brought in before I died. I'd like to have been able to thumb my nose just once more at all the know-alls in the big companies. 'There's oil in the Rocky Mountains.'" He gave a tired laugh. "Well, there it is. You'd best go home, young feller. You want friends around you when you die. It's a lonely business anyway."

The nurse came in and said my time was up. I got to my feet. He held out his left hand to me. "Good luck," he said. "I'm glad you came. If your doctor feller's right, we'll maybe meet again soon. We'll have a good chat then with all eternity ahead of us." His eyes were smiling; his lips were tired and twisted.

I went out to my taxi and drove back to the hotel, the memory of that fine old shell of a man lingering with me.

I went up to my room and sat staring at Winnick's report and thinking of the old man who had been my grandfather's friend. I think I had already made up my mind to sign the deed of sale. But I was hungry; the papers could wait. I pushed them into my suitcase and went down to get some lunch.

Instead of pocketing the key, I handed it in automatically at the desk. By such a trivial act can one's whole future be changed, for when I came out of the dining-room I had to go to the desk to get it and at the desk was a short, stockily built man in an airman's jacket with a friendly face under a sweat-stained stetson. He was checking out and as I stood behind him, waiting, he said to the clerk, "If a feller by the name of Jack Harbin asks for me, tell him I've gone back to Jasper. He can ring me at home."

"Okay, Jeff," the clerk said. "I'll tell him."

Jasper! Jasper, as I knew from the maps, was barely fifty miles from the Kingdom as the crow flies. "Excuse me. Are you going by car?" The words were out before I had time to think it over.

"Yeah." He looked me over and then his face crinkled into a friendly smile. "Want a ride?"

"Have you got room for me?"

"Sure." He held out his hand. "I'm Jeff Hart. You're from the Old Country, I guess."

"My name's Wetheral," I said as I gripped his hand. "Bruce Wetheral."

"Okay, Bruce. Make it snappy then. I got to be in Edmonton by tea time. I'll be going on to Jasper the next day. I'll be glad to have some company. It's kinda dull driving alone this time of the year."

It was all done on the spur of the moment. I didn't have time to think of Acheson until I was in the big station wagon trundling north out of Calgary, and then I didn't care. I was moving one step nearer the Kingdom and I was content to let it go at that.

WE reached Edmonton just before six and got a room at the Macdonald. I had moved into another world. Where Calgary was static, an established, respectable town, Edmonton was on the move. The place bustled with life, an exciting, exotic life that had washed up from as far away as Texas and down from the Yukon and the North-West Territories. It flooded through the lobbies of the hotels and out into the streets and cafés—oil men, trappers, prospectors, bush fliers, lumbermen, scientists and surveyors. This was the jumping-off place for the Arctic, the first outpost of civilization on the Alaskan Highway. It had atmosphere, the atmosphere of a frontier town on which an oil boom had been superimposed.

I was dead beat by the time I crawled into my bed and I was thankful when Jeff said he wouldn't be leaving until after lunch. I stayed in bed all the morning, feeling weak and a little sick. The reaction from the strain of too much travelling had set in.

It was just after four that afternoon

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

As a child, I used to watch behind my sister's elbow when she was dressing and making-up for the theatre. She was a professional dancer, and I longed to be able to do the same one day.

I did play Puck in the school production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but I think I was chosen only because I was the smallest eight-year-old in the class. We were a success and I made up my mind from that week that I was going on the stage.

But I was an abnormally sensitive child. "Highly strung . . . alarmingly intense," said one of my earliest school reports.

My sister, Annette, did her best to get me out of it. She was a marvellous sister—part nursemaid, part guardian angel, part sports coach. I remember sitting on a table wearing enormous boxing gloves, while Annette yelled encouragingly: "Come on, Johnnie, don't cry. Hit me on the nose!"

When I was twelve a cricket ball broke one of my front teeth. After the local dentist in Norfolk, where we lived, had repaired it, it stuck up like a tombstone in a graveyard face. This did not worry me when I was at school, but when I came to London, after three years in a corn merchant's office, it made me too scared to try for stage work right away.

I got a job as a door-to-door salesman, but again my shyness balked me. I used to walk up and down outside a door for an hour before I plucked up the courage to knock. Instead of making the expected £5 a week above my basic salary, I used to earn about 1s. 6d.

At last I got the sack and I had to do something. I went to an audition at the London Hippodrome, and managed to dance myself into the part of a chorus boy. I was in.

Today he is a leading actor. For his name, turn to page 31.

KIA-ORA the fruit squash

ORANGE, LEMON, LIME, GRAPEFRUIT & LEMON BARLEY 3/- · CHILDREN'S ORANGE SQUASH *with extra vitamins* 1/11d. half-bottle

The apple of his eye

His bike is his dearest possession; he takes pride in its efficiency and immaculate appearance, knowing that he can rely on Halfords for all the spares and accessories he wants. Experience has taught him that he can get the best selection of reliable goods at Halfords.

Halfords

THE SHOP WITH A GOOD DEAL TO OFFER

THERE'S A BRANCH IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

Fight *Mouth Acid* now and save your teeth!

Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're 40? Dentists say this is largely due to mouth-acid and advise 'Milk of Magnesia'* as the most effective way to dispel it.

One toothpaste and one only contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and that is—Phillips' Dental Magnesia Toothpaste. So give yourself a real chance of keeping your teeth . . . healthy, attractive and free from harmful mouth-acid. Start using Phillips' now!

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

when I got my first glimpse of the Rockies, a solid wall of snow and ice and cold, grey rock, extending north and south as far as the eye could see. The sun was shining bleakly and in the bitter cold the crystal wall glittered and sparkled frostily.

"Quite a sight, eh?" Jeff said.

We ran down to the stone-strewn bed of the Athabaska and passed the check point that marked the entrance to Jasper National Park.

"Do you know a man called Johnnie Carstairs?" I asked my companion.

"The packer? Sure."

"Where will I find him?"

"Oh, most anywheres around town. But you'll find him in one of the beer parlours around seven."

Jeff Hart dropped me at the hotel, saying he'd pick me up at seven and introduce me to Carstairs. I couldn't face any food and went straight up to my room. I felt tired and short of breath. Looking in the mirror, I was shocked to see how gaunt my face was, the skin white and transparent so that the veins showed through it and the stubble of my beard by contrast appeared a metallic blue. I lay down on the bed. I was terribly exhausted, and filled with sudden depression. Was I ever going to get to Campbell's Kingdom?

I MUST have dropped off into a sort of coma, for I woke up to find Jeff Hart bending over me, shaking me by the shoulders.

"You gave me a turn," he said. "Thought you'd never come round. You all right?"

"Yes," I murmured, and forced myself to swing my feet off the bed. I sat there for a minute, panting and feeling the blood hammering in my ears.

"Would you like me to fetch a doctor?"

"No," I said. "I'm all right."

"Well, you don't look it. You look like death."

"I'm all right," I gasped, fighting for breath. "How high up are we here?"

"About 3,500." He was bending over me, peering at me. "You look real bad, Bruce. Here, take a look at yourself."

I lifted my head from my hands. He had taken the mirror from the wall and was holding it in front of me. I stared at myself. My jaw seemed to have got bluer in my sleep, the veins of my forehead were more deeply etched, my lips were bloodless and my mouth open, gasping for breath. I struck out at the mirror, knocking it out of his hand. It shivered into a thousand splinters on the floor.

"That'll cost you two bucks," he said with an attempt at a laugh.

"I'm sorry," I murmured, staring rather foolishly at the broken glass.

"That's all right. I'll go over and fetch the doctor."

I got to my feet then and caught him by the arm. "No. There's nothing he can do about it."

"But, goldarn it, man, you're ill."

"I know." I crossed to the window and stared at the peak of Edith Cavell, now a white marble monument against the darkening shadows of night. "I'll be all right. Just wait while I wash and then we'll go down to the bar."

The saloon was a bare, rather utilitarian place full of small, marble-topped tables and uncomfortable chairs.

"I sent word for Johnnie to meet us here," Jeff Hart said. He glanced at his watch. "He'll be here any minute now." The bartender came up. "Four beers."

"No," I said. "This is on me. And I want a brandy. What about you—will you have a short?"

Jeff laughed. "Anybody can see he comes from the Old Country," he said to the barman. "Let me put you wise on the drinking habits of Canadians out west. This is a beer parlour. No women are allowed, you may not drink standing up and you may not order more than a pint at a time. If you want hard liquor, you buy it at a Government liquor store and drink it in your room." His gaze swung to the door. "Here's Johnnie now. Make it six beers, will you, George. Johnnie, this is Bruce Wetheral."

I found myself looking at a slim-hipped man in a sheepskin jacket and a battered stetson. He had a kindly face, tanned by wind and sun, and his eyes had a faraway look as though they were constantly searching for a distant peak. His eyelids appeared devoid of lashes and were slightly puffed as though he had been peering into snow and wind since birth. "Understand you bin asking for me." He smiled and perched himself on a chair with the light ease of a man who sits a horse most of his time. "Guess I ain't used to comin' to low-down places sich as this."

"Don't pay any attention to him," Jeff said. "The old coyote is here every night."

"What is it you're wanting—horses?" He had a soft, lazy smile that crinkled the corners of his mouth and eyes.

"I'm not here on business," I said. "I just wanted to meet you."

"That's real nice of you." He smiled and waited.

"You knew an old man called Stuart Campbell, didn't you?"

"King Campbell? Sure. But he's dead now."

"I know. You were one of the party that found his body."

"That's so, I guess."

"Would you tell me about it?"

"Sure." His eyes narrowed slightly and he frowned. "You a newspaper guy or somethin'?"

"No," I said. "I'm Campbell's grandson."

Johnnie's eyes opened wide. "His grandson!" He suddenly smiled. He had the softest, gentlest smile I've ever seen. "Well, well—King Campbell's grandson." He leaned across the table and gripped my hand. And Jeff Hart clapped me on the shoulder. "Why in hell didn't you say who you were? I'd never have let you stop off at the hotel if I'd known."

The barman came with six half-pint glasses of beer.

"Make it the same again, George," the packer said as he distributed the beers.

"You know the regulations, Johnnie."

"Sure I do, but we're celebrating. Know who this is, George? King Campbell's grandson."

"You don't say." The barman wiped his hand on his apron and held it out to me, grinning. "Sure glad to know you." He went off smartly to get the beers.

"You was asking how I found Campbell," Johnnie said. He sat back, sprinkled salt into one of his glasses of beer and drank it. "Queer thing that," he said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "He was fine and dandy when we got up there. An' a week later he was dead."

"What happened?" I asked.

"I'd bin totin' a couple of Americans round for the best part of two months. They were climbers and they

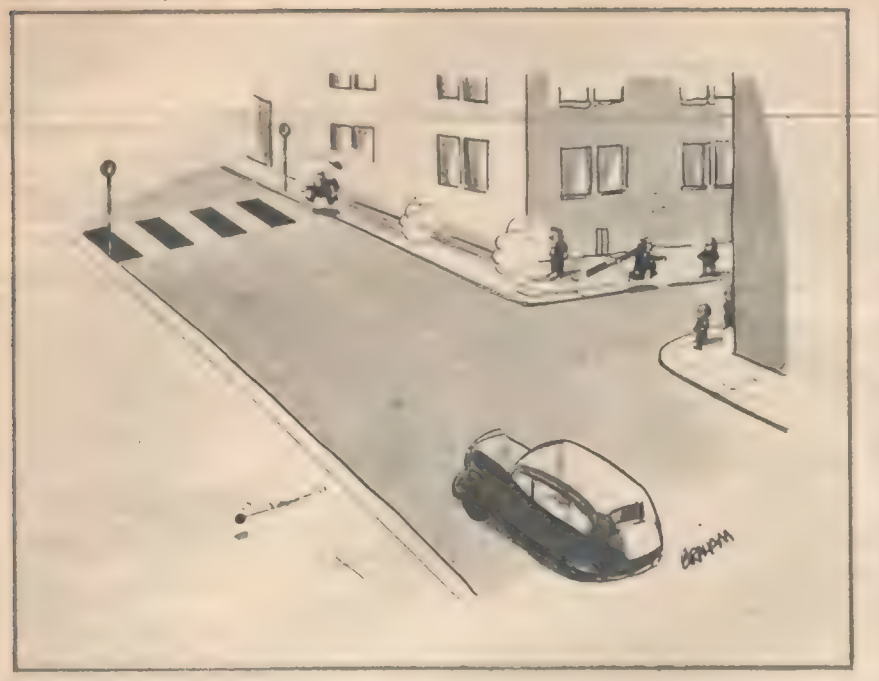
THE HUMAN MACHINE

To know oneself

AN old saying goes that if a man will not learn by thought and reflection, he must learn by suffering.

It is easy to lay the blame on someone or something else when what is really amiss is our own outlook on life. But that's merely dodging self-discipline. For a man who has no time for a little mental quiet each day can never know himself. He can never understand things, nor right what is going awry.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



did stuff for magazines back in the States. They got bitten by the bug to meet King Campbell, and when the Chinook blew the trail clear, I hired some ponies off of Trevedian and we went up."

He produced a little white cotton bag of tobacco and rolled himself a cigarette. "Well, there was the old man as chirpy as a gopher in the sunshine. Let 'em take his pitcher an' stayed up half the night tellin' 'em tall stories and drinking their rye. Next day the whole Kingdom was clear of snow right up to the foot of the peaks. So I took the Yanks on a trip up the Ghillie and it was a week before we got back to the Kingdom again."

The barman came with the drinks. I hadn't finished mine and he stood over me. "Drink up," Jeff said. "He's got to collect the empties." The beer was cold and I was more interested in hearing the end of Johnnie's story than in drinking it.

"Well, I figured somethin' was wrong as soon as I heard the horses," he continued. "There weren't no smoke coming from any of the chimneys and no tracks in the snow outside, either. The whole place had a dead look. We went into the house then, and found him. He was lying face down on the floor just inside the door, like as though he was struggling to get outside and bring in some logs. I guess he'd been dead about three days."

"What do you think, caused his death?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Old age, I guess. Or maybe he had a stroke and died of cold."

NOBODY said anything for a while. After a moment, I said: "How do I get there?"

"Up to the Kingdom?" Johnnie shook his head. "You won't get up there yet awhiles—not until the snow melts."

"When will that be?"

"Oh, in about a month, I guess."

"I can't wait that long," I said.

Johnnie's eyes narrowed as he peered across at me. "You seem in a goldarned hurry."

"I am," I said.

"Well, Max Trevedian might take you up. He acts as packer and guide around Come Lucky. But it'd be a tough trip, an' he's an ornery sort of crittur anyway."

I brought the dog-eared map out of my pocket and spread it on the table. "Well, how do I get to Come Lucky, anyway?" I asked.

Johnnie peered at it and shook his head. "Maps ain't much in my line," he said. "I go by the look of the country."

It was Jeff who gave me the information I wanted. "It's not far from here to Come Lucky," he said. "Not if you could fly in by plane. But right now it's kinda difficult to know what to advise. Depends on the snows. You see, you got to approach it from the other side, from the Fraser River. The best way to get in is from 150-Mile House, near Williams Lake, through Beaver Lake, Hydraulic, Likely and Keithley Creek. After that it's just a track up to Come Lucky."

"What about the railway?" I asked, pointing to the slender line on the map.

He laughed. "To get on that you got to get down to the coast and take a boat up to Squamish. Then the roads probably aren't open there. Why the hell don't you leave it for a month?"

I remembered the look of my face in the glass I'd shivered to pieces up there in my room. "No," I said. "I'm leaving tomorrow."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, all I can suggest is you take the Continental out of here at one thirty to Ashcroft. If the road's open, try and get to Clinton, and then 150-Mile House."

I thanked him and folded the map.

HE looked across at me and his hand closed over my arm. "You're a sick man, Bruce. Take my advice. Wait a month. It's too early for travelling through the mountains except by rail. Don't you agree, Johnnie?"

"Sure, sure. Leastaways, I wouldn't try it."

"I can't wait that long," I murmured.

"Be sensible," Jeff pleaded. "Johnnie and I have lived up in this country a long time. Wait a month."

"I can't."

"Why in hell not?"

"Because. . . ." I stopped then, gripping the map in my hands. I couldn't just tell them I hadn't much time.

"Let him find out for himself, Jeff." Johnnie's voice was gruff with anger. "Some people are just cussed. They got to learn the hard way."

"It's not that," I said quickly.

"All right, then—what is it? What's the goldarned hurry?"

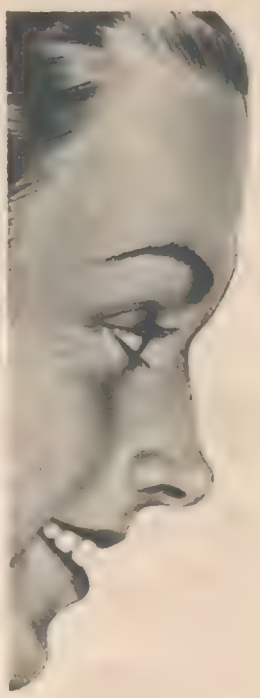
"It isn't any of your business." I hesitated and then added: "I've only two months to live."

They stared at me. Johnnie's eyes searched my face and then dropped awkwardly. He brought out his tobacco and concentrated on rolling a cigarette. "I'm sorry, Bruce," he said gently. Accustomed to dealing with animals, I think he'd read the truth of Maclean-Hervey's opinion in my features. But Jeff was a mechanic. "How do you know?" he asked. "You can't know a thing like that."

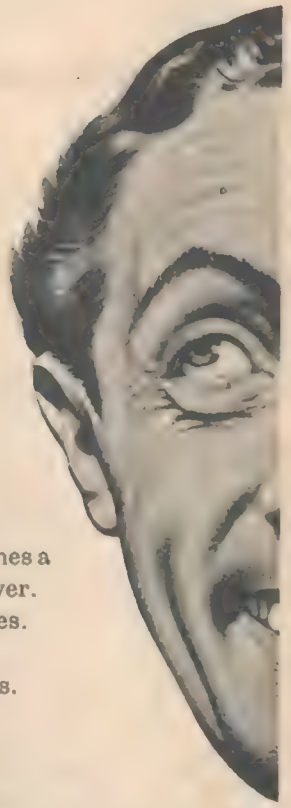
"You can if you've got cancer of the stomach." My voice sounded harsh. "I had the best man in London. He gave me six months at the outside. The anaemia is secondary," I added. I got to my feet. My lips were trembling uncontrollably.

"Good night," I said. "And thanks for your help." I didn't want them to see that I was scared.

To be continued next week



honeymoon for two



It's roses, roses all the way when you first buy a television set. Front row of the dress circle every night, comfortable armchairs for seats; and no bus to catch home. But there comes a moment when the first thrill of ownership is over. You become more choosy about the programmes. You begin to look at your screen a bit more critically and compare it with your neighbour's. And that's when you begin to realise how jolly clever you were to choose a Murphy set.

murphy *radio & television*

CRC 164

"I fear that at the present rate of progress a housing crisis may shortly hit the poultry world. As my old Woodwork Master used to say, the boy is as keen as a spoke-shave but no craftsman . . . . Hawkins! Off with your jacket! Bring me a tank or so of Rose's and prepare to take over the hammer!"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

makes thirst worth while

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS, indoors and out, there's no surer safeguard than Lifeguard. If you've a family, you must have Lifeguard. If you have illness in the house, you need this extra protection. Lifeguard is so pleasant to use. You'll love its clean, refreshing smell. You'll enjoy the healthy tang of a Lifeguard bath. Always use this powerful modern germicide and disinfectant. It's so fresh, so gentle, yet so efficient.

LIFEGUARD THE SUPREME DISINFECTANT

THE HAPPY HUNTED

Continued from page 11

distance of forty yards at the most, brought them to the outer wall. Here another twenty-foot drop was required on to the very steep hillside. A blanket rope was taken along for this final phase. Once on the hillside they were free of the prison, but still faced with the task of leaving Italy.

Headed by the stalwart Buck, four South African officers—two pilots and two infantry—reached the hillside and disappeared into the friendly night. Fifth man in the party was Alisdair Cram, an artillery officer and an expert mountaineer. As he swung out over the wall, the damned rope broke. Crashing on to the rocks he cracked several ribs; but Alisdair could still walk, and when the alarm went he started for Switzerland.. Four days later, rather partworn yet still travelling, he was picked up by the Caribs and brought back to our fortress. The *brigadieri* (corporal) took him into a cell, alone, knocked him down and kicked the broken ribs.

Sixth in the party came Jack Pringle of 8th Hussars, a super-linguist. Seventh was David Stirling, the most conspicuous officer in Gavi—six feet seven inches in height, and built to scale. Jack was waiting to follow Cram down the rope when it broke. At the same time, David Stirling, who was creeping cautiously between the huts, met disaster in the form of an undersized Italian who came round the corner, presumably en route to the latrines. David gave an immediate, convincing demonstration of a drunk being sick, but he was too big and the Italian screamed hysterically, then shot away like a rocketing pheasant, yelling for the guard.

Pandemonium Broke Out

Within seconds, the siren and bugler wailed the alarm—and pandemonium broke out everywhere. Dozens of yelling, screaming guards poured on to the terrace, engulfing most of the escapers. Someone was spotted on the police roof, and the last men waiting in the tunnel were trapped there. Fortunately, the mix-up was too intimate for any shooting, but one officer had his face slashed open by a pistol barrel and an orderly was knocked unconscious with a rifle butt. Stirling, trying to reach the outer wall through the hysterical mob, could not conceal his height and was finally dragged down by a dozen Italians.

When the alarm went, Jack Pringle risked the twenty-foot drop, rolled down the steep hillside among the bushes and slipped away, somewhat battered yet intact. It was long after midnight before the tumult and the screaming died, while the captains and colonel departed—to cells. Nevertheless, a marvellous night for all of us. After all, half an escape was better than none.

My name came next on the escape committee's list. Soon after reaching Gavi, I had registered a one-man, over-the-roofs plot, receiving somewhat reluctant permission to try, but only after the big attempt.

Escape Bid From Attic

My plot started from the fact that I shared the highest attic in the fortress with Ken Fraser. Our window looked out over a lovely sweep of valley encircled by high tree-clad hills—with a forty-foot drop on to the ramp. Given no interference by three sentries who could see and shoot at the area, it was physically possible to climb from the window on to a short sloping roof, which merged into the roof of our main living quarters enclosing one side of the upper courtyard.

At the far end, this roof joined the upper ramparts—all, of course, very much out of bounds. Barbed wire, lights, and a sentry complicated both the problem of getting off the roof and sliding down the main ramparts, which the experts estimated were sixty feet high at the most accessible point. We worked on conjecture, because no prisoner had seen that particular face of the fortress.

To cope with all contingencies, Major Brian Upton, an intrepid escaper who had followed me from Veano, plaited a hundred and twenty feet of rope from three sheets, strong enough when doubled to take my weight. I also had a grey blanket designed as a camouflage cover for use on the roof or the terrace. Add escape clothes to this equipment, and my load became too bulky for quick movement.

I made the attempt on a grand foggy night; so foggy that we could not see the nearest sentry on the ramparts twenty yards away. Screened from him by opening half our shutter at right angles to the wall, I clung to the other half while Ken pushed it back until I sat on the edge of the roof. Imagine my horror on realizing, as I sat there, that one floodlight partly illuminated me, and that two sentries lower down, in the fog, might be watching that particular beam.

Probably I tried to scramble up the roof too quickly, and made a noise; my coils and coils of rope caught in loose tiles, greatly impeding progress. Halfway up, six feet to shelter, a rifle crashed out and the bullet screamed past. Before the sentry, twenty yards away, could fire again I was over the ridge; but he fired four more rounds after me, which merely accelerated the flap and were answered by frightened yells of *"Non sparate!"* ("Don't fire!") from the rampart sentry at the other end of my roof.

"Kill Him! Kill Him!"

I was stranded. In the courtyard below, the sergeant-interpreter rushed about screaming, "Kill him! Kill him! Shoot him with your revolver." Fortunately, I found a shallow gully where neither light nor shooting could reach me.

After thirty long minutes, a very frightened Italian private crawled up the roof from my window, clutching his loaded rifle. I was equally afraid that he might shoot on sight. He was scared stiff of slipping, or being pushed, off the tiles; and there was nothing to prevent a hundred-foot drop to behind the lower courtyard. I called out *"Feriti!"* ("Wounded!") and that gave him sufficient courage not to shoot. Still equally frightened, we slid very gingerly down the roof and clambered back through the window into the arms of a dozen Italian officers and n.c.o.s.

I was searched, questioned, and put in the "Generals'" cell for another thirty days. The window of my room in the attic was closed by an iron grille. In the "cooler" I read Wodehouse, meditated in solitary tranquillity—and took the door off the cell, just for practice.

Took Door Off For Fun

Evidently the cell door had needed new hinges which, in typically Italian style, were fastened by ordinary wood screws on the inside of the door. Rubbing my table knife on the stone floor squared the end into a reasonably efficient screw-driver if carefully used. Initially for amusement, I spent a week removing the screws, greasing them with margarine, and putting the hinges back again. Two heavy impressive bolts on the outside, secured by padlocks, completed the fastenings, but, when it was unhinged, I could work the massive door sideways until the bolt heads came clear of the sockets.

Then the possibilities of the situation dawned on me. When the local air-raid warning moaned like an asthmatic banshee—more frequently now that Genoa, Milan, and Turin were being beaten up—all perimeter and other floodlights went out, and extra sentries took post.

My plan was to open the door during the blackout and make my way to an outwork of the fortress. At two points on this bastion, between sentry posts, it was possible to clamber over the outer wall; the drop might be fifteen feet, no more. Practising every night, I could take the cell door off in ninety-five seconds. In my rubber-soled desert boots and under cover of darkness, I felt sure I could elude the sentries and reach the outer wall before the extra guards stamped in.

Everything ready, including twenty feet of rope smuggled in, I waited fifteen successive nights for an air-raid. Every night, I waited with half the screws loosened, ready to go. On the sixteenth day, my thirty-day sentence ended, so I tightened up the hinges for the last time and returned to Ken Fraser in our barred-up room. Four nights later, a raid on Genoa provided the perfect setting for my plan. No luck.

NEXT WEEK: We "go to earth" as the Germans take over the camp

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

NOTHING PANICS AUDREY RUSSELL

Continued from page 15

chose an old woman who was nearly ready to return home. "Oh, do let my husband know," the patient begged, so Audrey spent the afternoon locating him. That night, Audrey finished her broadcast at her special patient's bed for the interview, but the old lady lay fast asleep. Only then did Audrey realize what had happened. The night nurse had given her a sleeping draught.

Accustomed to being envied by her friends as the girl who goes everywhere and sees everything, Audrey is apt to smile ruefully as she thinks of what goes on behind the scenes. At one of last year's most brilliant film premières, *The Lady With A Lamp*, everyone admired the calm blonde as she stood in a beautiful new evening dress, smiling and unflurried among the stars and celebrities.

"But," she now admits, "all the faces seemed blurred along the edges, and the foyer kept rising at one end and coming down at the other." Audrey Russell, in the middle of a bout of flu, and running a temperature of 102 degrees, only longed to be in bed. But she finished her part of the programme, brightly, crisply, dead on time and with all the names right, before getting thankfully into a taxi for her little top-floor flat in the Harley Street area behind Broadcasting House.

Born in Dublin, and now somewhere in the thirties ("My Irish grandmother warned me never to tell my age"), Audrey went into radio via the back-stage route. Fifteen years ago she came into the limelight as the youngest stage manager in London. She had been stagestruck, she says, ever since her parents, much to their regret, took her to her first pantomime in Dublin.

Her parents strongly disapproved, but eventually she escaped from her hated school life and got herself an interview with the famous Miss Fogerty of the Central School of Speech, who gave her the first gleam of hope. "At last," said Miss Fogerty, "I have found a pupil with a perfectly placed voice." But she gave Audrey no credit for this. "It's just the shape of the ribs," she explained.

However, the shape of Audrey's ribs, plus much hard work, won her the Poetry Society's gold medal for verse-speaking. As she was very young and pretty, no one believed that she was really more interested in producing than acting.

When she got an interview with Gilbert Miller, the impresario, and he asked her what she had been doing, he brushed aside her answer that she had just finished stage managing at the Aldwych. "I don't believe it—you are much too pretty," he said, and told his assistant: "Give her something in *Victoria Regina*."

As well as acting in the West End, Audrey Russell took part in a hundred radio plays until the war switched her to another rôle—firewoman in the N.F.S. "And I wasn't at all a good firewoman," she admits.

Popular With Colleagues

Then, one day, to her delight, they chose her to broadcast on "Women in the Fire Service" for *Radio Newsreel*, which started her off on her career as a radio reporter. Audrey still performs each job as though it were her first big chance. Her workmates say they like her "because she keeps a level and unswollen head, doesn't act as though she knew it all, and is suitably nervous before every broadcast."

"But the knack of reporting in sound came slowly, after trial and error," says Audrey. She used to practise by looking out of the window and describing to friends in the room what she saw in the street. If her hearers were interested and excited, she knew she was progressing.

Since then, Audrey has done every sort of commentating. From her boss, S. J. de Lotbinière, head of Outside Broadcasting, she learned the importance of first becoming a first-rate reporter: only then could she hope to fill the niche waiting for her—a competent commentator with a woman's angle, able to describe accurately and vividly the elaborate dresses worn at big events.

In TV, Audrey finds there are special problems to tackle. Recently, commentating on the Jewel Ball, she wore £62,000 worth of jewels. To start with, the TV lights reflected the jewels so that they dazzled viewers. After the lights were adjusted, she had to cope with two police guards who, with pistols loosened in shoulder-holsters, hovered protectingly round her. But they always seemed to hover right into camera range, forcing Audrey to hop about to keep them out of the picture. All the while she had to continue a

MY CHILD?

NEVER!

It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. *Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use.* Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

SULEO the SAFE remedy
Obtainable from all Chemists 2/2 a bottle
IT'S A JEYES' PRODUCT

TOP MILL SNUFF

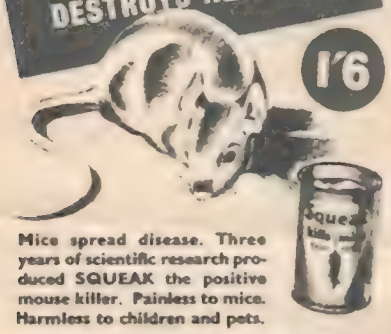
Adds zest to life!

SOLD AT ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS

J & H WILSON LTD SHEFFIELD

One week of Squeak DESTROYS ALL MICE!

1'6



Mice spread disease. Three years of scientific research produced SQUEAK the positive mouse killer. Painless to mice. Harmless to children and pets.

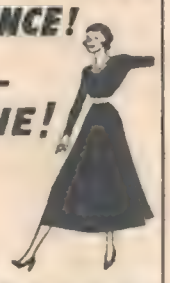
FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC. OR DIRECT FROM:

SOREX (London) Ltd 165, TONBRIDGE ROAD MAIDSTONE • KENT

CORN PAIN

GOES AT ONCE!

2-GONE!



Immediately you apply Dr. Scholl's Super-soft Zino-pads painful shoe pressure and friction *stop*. You can walk or stand for hours without one twinge! Get Dr. Scholl's in the sizes you need, for corns, callouses, bunions, soft corns. Have *relief today!* Medicated disks included in every packet.

1/- & 2/-. *Chemists, shoe dealers, stores & Scholl depots everywhere.*

Size for Bunions

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Welcome to the Inn

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1

nonstop commentary about the gay and (apparently) carefree scene.

Among her favourite broadcasts was the one she did last Guy Fawkes' Day with a gang of boys. After much searching for a suitable gang, she found one headed by a nine-year-old called Ronnie.

She then spent several Saturday afternoons getting to know just how the gang operated, and making friends with the boys so that they would not be shy of her. On the Fifth, all was set for Audrey to ask Ronnie some carefully prepared questions about Guy Fawkes. But Ronnie, who had hitherto been a chatty youngster, suddenly became a man of few words: "King James done something wrong and Guy Fawkes didn't like it." Ronnie refused to utter another word, but the listeners were delighted.

Audrey has no hesitation about her worst experience in broadcasting. "It was reporting the trial of William Joyce, the traitor. I only hope I shall never hear a man sentenced to death again," she says with a shudder.

She thinks she does her best work at street-interviews, in which she has to adjust her voice to the voice of the person she is interviewing. If she is talking to somebody with a weak voice she keeps the microphone well back; otherwise, she says, the speaker might sound like a penny whistle. She says she has developed a sort of intuition about picking pople who will be good to interview.

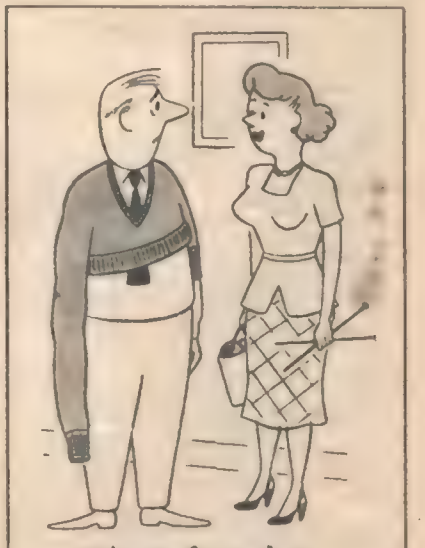
The Young Lovers

Last St. Valentine's Day, listeners heard her bringing to the microphone just the right sort of gay, romantic young lovers, selected at random from the crowd. And, luckily, each had really received a Valentine that morning. "But we don't go up and just tackle anyone as they do in America," Audrey explains. "The person is approached first and asked if he'd be willing to take part in the broadcast. I say, 'Look here, I'm going on the air in a few moments,' and tell him what it's all about."

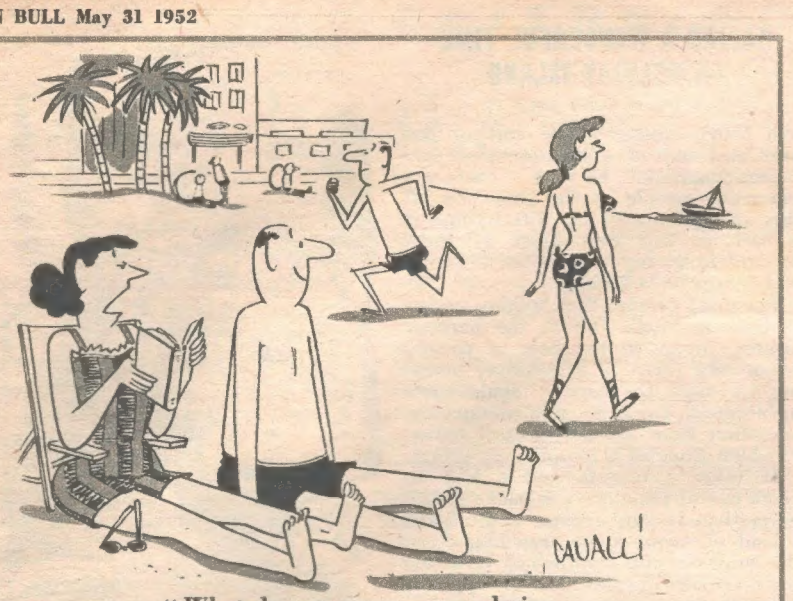
When she visits America to talk about her job, Audrey is always amused because most of the questions she is asked deal with interviewing the Royal Family. "I never do," says Audrey, to the incredulous disbelief of the questioner.

Currently, Audrey is preparing a series about London. As a freelance, she never knows what her next job may be. Though her friends expect that she is sure of a front seat at the Coronation, Audrey will only say, "I wouldn't take it for granted. I haven't been asked yet."

Audrey finds it difficult to understand why the outside world should take any interest in her. When, a few weeks ago, the B.B.C. asked her to take part in *In Town Tonight* to tell some stories of what happens to a star radio commentator, she answered: "Well, nothing really. I must seem awfully dull, but nothing ever appears to happen to me." THE END



"Apart from that, how do you like it?"



"What do you mean—you admire a woman who is economical?"

THE FEMALE FATE OF TERENCE O'TOOLE

Continued from page 14

O'Halloran. "It's nothing at all. Augh—this one's just somebody to have a smile and a word with, like all the others. I wouldn't be giving a thought to it."

But Katie was not to be comforted.

That evening, when they were back at the hotel, Mary said to Pat: "It's breaking my heart, that it is. I can't bear to see her so sad. And the poor boy, too, so lonely and far away."

"From what I've heard, I guess he could be lonelier," said Pat.

"Oh, he's lonely enough in his heart," said Mary. "They both are. And all for love! It's a wonderful thing, now."

"In that case," said Pat, "she'd better come back with us. It looks as though that ship'll be hitting the U.S.A. before long. She's bound that way." He looked at his wife and grinned. "I rang up the owners. She's due in Baltimore in about three months. You reckon that would affect Katie's decision?"

"Affect it!" cried his wife. "Why, of course she'll come now. Why didn't you mention it earlier?"

"I thought maybe she didn't want to know. Maybe she's got her pride, or something."

"You big goof," Mary said.

So little Katie went back with Pat and Mary after all. And never was a girl made more of. Pat and Mary had never had any children of their own to open their warm and generous hearts to, and now they were making up for lost time. They bought Katie clothes, gave parties for her, and took her out and about.

And, of course, Katie made friends. Not only that, she acquired an impressive number of new suitors, too. But Katie told them all in a breathless sort of way that she was engaged to a sailor.

THE *Northern Prince*, meanwhile, was wallowing slowly northwards. And aboard her Terence was extremely depressed. Shelagh had been a great comfort to him, but he had already forgotten her. (She'd been from Northern Ireland, anyway.) And he was feeling very forgotten and neglected himself. The main reason was that he hadn't heard from Katie. For months he had tried to write to her, had, indeed, made many an attempt, but always he'd been so little able to say what he wanted to that in the end he'd torn up the effort in disgust. Then at long last he'd managed it, with Shelagh's help, while he was in hospital. He'd sent the letter air mail, and had with desperate eagerness waited for a reply.

But the only reply he'd had was from his mother, saying that his letter was being forwarded to Katie, who had gone to stay with relations for a holiday. His mother didn't say where she'd gone, and as a result she seemed farther away than ever.

At last the *Northern Prince* reached Baltimore. And there the final blow fell. The ship was to have gone on to Boston and Halifax, and thence, blessedly, home. But now everything was changed. The Havana repairs had been only very makeshift, and after the punching up north the ship was no longer seaworthy. The job was therefore to be done properly in the Baltimore yards. That meant a considerable delay. And *that* meant the *Prince* would miss the cargoes waiting for her at the two ports farther north. So there was no particular point in her proceeding in that direction. It was decided, therefore, that when the work had been done she would go south again, to Panama, which meant goodbye to all hopes of home and Katie for heaven knew how long.

The result was that on his first night ashore in Baltimore, Terence was steeped in a mood of utter dejection. He went with a bunch of the others. The way he felt, he had to have company. And he'd made up his mind to do something he'd never yet done in his life—drown his sorrows in booze. . . .

ON the way through the shipyard, he began to lag behind the others, and he was just mooching out of the pier gate when he heard a chorus of wolf whistles from the lads ahead. He looked moodily around, and saw a girl standing on the sidewalk opposite, apparently waiting for someone. He saw her suddenly come across the road towards him. And just as suddenly he perked up. She was a proper smasher! She looked just the girl to comfort him. He was sure she'd let him talk to her about Katie.

And then he saw that, incredibly, it *was* Katie.

Able Seaman O'Toole's shipmates were very intrigued by what happened next. They saw him stop dead suddenly, as though he'd run slap into a brick wall. They saw the girl stop, too. They saw the two of them stand looking at each other. And then all at once the girl was in Able Seaman O'Toole's arms.

"Katie!" said Terence shakily. "Katie!"

He held her close. Then he stood back to look at her, trying to convince himself that she was really real.

"But Katie—" he stammered, "why—how . . .?"

"I'm staying with me relations," said Katie.

Terence didn't understand. But it didn't matter in the least. He drew her close again. And it was quite some little while later when he said, under his breath: "It's me fate, so it is."

Katie looked up at him.

"Your female fate, Terence dear?" she asked earnestly.

"It is that," said Terence. His voice had a frog in it. "It's me own, blessed, heavenly female fate!" THE END

...Talking of INDIGESTION

I Get It When I'm Worried

WORRY is a frequent cause of Indigestion. The wise thing to do is to take MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder at once. This widely approved formula soon settles the upset stomach and relieves Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion. Keep a bottle always in the house for prompt treatment.

MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER is also prepared in Tablet form —MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH TABLETS— for convenience when travelling or away from home.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Price 1/9, 3/- and 7/- *Also in Tablet Form*

MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH TABLETS Price 1/9 and 3/-

Handy pocket phial 1/-

ACID tummy —feel distended?

Suck 2 Rennies —trouble ended!

The common cause of indigestion is too much acid in the stomach. That surplus acid must be neutralized gently and gradually, the way Rennies do it. When you try to relieve the pain of over-acidity by taking a heavy antacid dose that acts abruptly, you're on a seesaw. First you get pain from too much acid, then pain from too little.

Rennies, as you suck them slowly like sweets, trickle antacid juices into your digestive system drip by drip, giving help just as Nature needs it.

Rennies rarely fail to relieve 'acid tummy.' If they should fail you, you ought to see your doctor.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** Separately wrapped — for purse or pocket

I'll Never Forget last Monday!

Sid and I had arranged a night out, but I woke up with a nasty headache and felt a cold coming on.

I thought I should never be able to go. Before I was half way through my washing I felt "washed out" myself.

Then I remembered your tip and got some "YEAST-VITE" Tablets. When Sid came home my headache had gone.

My cold was giving way too, and I felt tons better. We had our night out after all thanks to "YEAST-VITE."

"YEAST-VITE" is the only pain reliever containing Caffeine and the tonic Vitamin B_1. It relieves **HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, NERVE** and **RHEUMATIC PAINS** and makes you feel fresher and brighter too. Get Some "YEAST-VITE" Tablets today.

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets. Price 1/9 and 4/-

Relieves Your Pain & Bucks You Up!

"YEAST-VITE" is a registered Trade Mark

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME ON HOLIDAY ISLAND

Continued from page 17

live comfortably for the rest of the year and to run a high-powered car. "Unfortunately," he says, "there are too many people in the game for all they can get out of it. But I think it is fair to say that most of them succeed in giving the visitor a happy and comfortable holiday."

For most people, that holiday begins as Captain Hugh Doran, the harbour master, brings in the fleet of packed boats very early on a Saturday morning. Though the masters could come in blindfold, Doran likes to conduct the operation from a radar control tower, of which Douglas is inordinately proud.

It takes a minute and a half to berth one of the 3,000-ton packets, and fewer than twelve minutes to discharge a load of about 3,000 crowding down the gangway and stampeding on along the pier. Moving slowly in the opposite direction are queues waiting to go aboard, with brown and scarlet faces and a variety of expressions, from sheer relief that it is all over, to a young girl's far-away look.

Despite the half million visitors, the Isle of Man can be chosen for peace and quiet, with some excellent fishing at Peel for a fee of 7s. 6d., and bathing along stretches of lovely coast where visitors are as rare as Manx cats. But it is Douglas and Perry's entertainment that are the magnet, and here most of the half million spend practically all their time.

Kicking Over The Traces

The brochures describe the holiday as "carefree"; in fact it is a mass letting-down of hair, a kicking over of the traces in the way the British can only do when they go abroad.

In Douglas the fever spreads as the crowds hurry along the promenade towards their billets.

People in their bathing suits are emptying out of the hotels and boarding houses along the promenade; others are changing on the open beach because there are no cabins, and because in Douglas nobody minds. And everywhere they seem to be singing zestfully.

By ten in the morning, the migration towards Douglas Head is apace, with holidaymakers singing in boats and ferries across the harbour, singing in buses or on foot along the harbour road, to one of the institutions of the Isle of Man—beer and song at the Douglas Head Hotel, where the daily consumption of beer in the three hours before lunch exceeds 10,000 bottles.

A man named Bengy Marsden claims that it was his family who introduced community-singing to Douglas; until recently, when the Head was taken over by a private company, the Marsdens had run it for four generations, drawing the morning crowds by inviting the stars appearing at the Gaiety Theatre to lead the sessions with song hits. They still talk of Vesta Tilly at the Head, and Florrie Ford with the song she made famous—"Kelly from the Isle of Man."

If the stars have changed, the Head has not. It has always been a mass tryst, where dance dates are made for the evening. For the diversion of courting couples on the grassy hillsides, Perry provides an open-air show of his Swanee Minstrels against a backcloth of dancing boats in the harbour.

To Bed, With A Song

At night the impromptu smoking concerts move to the town, to the Kit-Kat, transferred intact from London, to the Sefton, Peveril, Villiers, or any of the bars with a piano and a rollicking pack of humanity, drinking their beer from the bottle and lifting the roof off till closing time, when they pour out on to the pavement. Slowly the singing subsides, as the parties link arms and go off, trailing their voices away into the labyrinth of boarding houses.

Douglas is tolerant and tactful with its drunks, though Perry's squad of quick and effective bouncers is always standing by to act the moment trouble looks like developing. Recently a

"If only we had set out earlier, by now we'd be in the queue to come back"

Scot in kilt and tam-o'-shanter was seen sitting at a crossroads, directing the traffic, while the policeman on point duty was kept busy trying to prevent a serious jam. Nobody dreamed of interfering with the visitor's innocent fun. But experience has taught the Manx to take elementary precautions. The hotel managers hide their flags whenever the Navy arrives, and six or seven thousand sailors in uniform suddenly pour into the swirling crowd of dancers at the Villa Marina and the Palace like currants dropped into a cake mixture.

Perry's entertainments are governed by one firm directive from his employers: no "blue" jokes. There is a blacklist of comedians who may not be employed and, even before the respectable ones go on, Perry must hear a rehearsal or read the script. Douglas Barwell adds, "They call us the Holy City, because I have a right to censor any part of an act." In the same context, the island has a strict postcard censorship. As Perry explains, "It's not that we're narrow-minded. Clean family fun is better resort business."

Gag That Never Failed

The cleanest fun the visitors themselves supply quite unconsciously. Perry has a stock of 17,000 deck chairs, from which he earns £5,000 a year for the rates. Simple as the mechanics of a deck chair are, scarcely a day passes without somebody's clumsy attempts at unfolding one giving those who watch a good laugh. For years there used to be a gag chair that had been stitched wrongly. The attendant would contrive to issue it to a pretty girl, and the fun would start when a smart-alec would come up to help her with a very confident "Allow me!"

The gag chair never failed. Once there were so many men helping a damsel in distress that the band stopped to let the crowd in the gardens really enjoy the joke.

Perry's entertainments have to be dovetailed so as not to clash with the variety the island has to offer. There is the course of the first Derby, run about 1630, to be visited; and Castle Rushen, for the bewilderingly rapid performance of the custodian, George Braide, covering, as he says, "a thousand years of history in an hour and a quarter."

When King George VI visited Rushen, Braide was frustrated in the act of making history. In the tower is the clock presented by Elizabeth I in 1597. It has never been wound by a monarch, and Braide had planned this climax for His Majesty. But no sooner had Braide suggested it than the lieutenant-governor looked at his watch and proposed that the party should go down, as they were already late. Braide has never forgiven that lieutenant-governor.

THE END

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE "OTHER SIDE"

Continued from page 12

it is indeed a most impressive experience. I have also spoken with some of those who have passed over, and their reactions on leaving the physical body and finding themselves in the spirit world have corroborated all my wife has told me.

One of the most striking accounts, however, was given to me by the author, Anthony Borgia. It is the most detailed first-hand experience that I have yet encountered. Nearly thirty years after a certain Catholic priest had passed over—I am permitted to reveal that he was Monseigneur Robert Hugh Benson—he returned and dictated clairaudiently to Borgia (who had known him during his earth life) the facts of the after-life as he had found them.

Here is Benson's personal description of his own passing:

"I knew for certain that my time had come to pass on, and I was full of eagerness to be gone. I had no fear, no misgivings, no doubts. . . . I suddenly felt a great urge to rise up. I had no *physical* feeling whatever, very much in the same way that physical feeling is absent during a dream, but I was mentally alert, however much my body seemed to contradict such a condition. Immediately I had this distinct prompting to rise, I found that I was actually doing so. . . . Turning, I then beheld what had taken place. I saw my physical body lying lifeless upon its bed, but here was I, the *real* I, alive and well!"

Knew He Had "Died"

Benson goes on to relate that he could still see the room quite clearly around him, but there was a certain mistiness as though it were filled with smoke very evenly distributed.

He realized at once the alteration that had taken place in his condition. In other words, he knew he had "died." But he also knew that he was very much alive. At no time did he experience any mental distress, but he was full of wonder. Here he was, finding himself in full possession of all his faculties.

In this remarkable recording of his own passing, he emphasized how "normal and natural" was the actual procedure of transition. Once we realize this, it must inevitably remove all fear of "death." It is indeed no more than walking out of one door and entering through another.

Benson tells how he found himself joined at the moment of transition by a former colleague—a priest—who had passed over some years previously, and how they greeted each other warmly.

He says: "I noticed that we spoke just as we had always done upon the earth. . . . We simply used our vocal chords and spoke quite as a matter of course."

A number of other experiences of people speaking of their passing in this way are recorded by the Rev. Drayton Thomas. In reply to the natural inquiry as to what evidence he had that these narratives came from those to whom they were attributed, he states that most of the speakers gave such evidence by alluding to matters known to themselves during their earth lives, and they also revealed personal traits and individual characteristics which he recognized.

For twenty years he has been carefully scrutinizing all statements made by these communicators from the Beyond.

I may repeat these words of his father, given many years previously:

"Certainty about a future life will bring into the Kingdom of God many who are now outside. . . . I think that this communication is indeed a real method of acquiring spiritual knowledge. . . . Those who know are responsible for giving [people] some proofs of the next life before they pass over."

Next week Reginald M. Lester will conclude his summing-up with an article on "Life and Conditions on the Other Side"

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of John Mills when a child.

WHO'S NEXT for a FORTUNE and RIVIERA HOLIDAY?

Within sight of Italy, close to Monte Carlo, sheltered by the mountains, stands gay little Menton . . . there you'll find glorious sunshine, shady trees, azure sea and idyllic Mediterranean scenery.

MEET the first JOHN BULL reader to receive two invitations for the 1952 *Bullets* Riviera Party. He is a fifty-six year old A.A. motor patrolman—Mr. F. W. Overton ("Pathways," Walesby Lane, New Ollerton, Newark). The luxury holiday in the Mediterranean sunshine on the lovely Côte d'Azur accompanies the £500 fortune he has just won for a *Bullet*.

Two invitations to join the *Bullets* Riviera Party accompany the £500 *you* can capture this week. And the "Open Sesame" to that magic holiday at Menton can be the words you write on your £500 coupon below. See that you post it by Monday, June 9.

£500 "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE CASH PLUS 10-DAY RIVIERA HOLIDAY for TWO

Winner and companion fly B.E.A. to Riviera. Luxurious accommodation at Hotel de Paris, Menton, also tour along Italian coast to San Remo and Alassio, provided by JOHN BULL through Cook's. (Cash offer in lieu if winner cannot join party.)

1,569 OTHER PRIZES

£50, £25, £10, £9. £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2. 10s., 50 of 10s.

1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"3-DINNER" BONUSES

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Winston's A Giant, But
The Great Adventure
Upset The Farmer
Flaming June
Becoming A Wilderness
Hope Of Our Side
For Mum And Dad
Pity Posterity If
Paid For
With A Shudder
A Loathsome Thing
Baby Smiled And
Flapdoodle
Seems To Have Gone
Quicker And Better
Too Old To Work
Brings Things Back
A Bit Off
Just The Job For Dad
"Don't Blame Me!"

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Home With A .....
One Got ....., But
..... Of The Sea
Nobody Loves ....., So
..... Paper
The ..... Touch

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,837 (or Xword 789), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SWISS HOLIDAYS in next week's JOHN BULL!

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated June 28, and in JOHN BULL dated July 5), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"Bullets" Winners 1,832

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Seaside Holiday for Two: F. T. Hammond, 38 Leonard Avenue, Sherwood, Nottingham:

Shrinking World—Time It "Cooled"!

£50 plus Seaside Holiday for Two: J. Sawtell, 83 Watford Road, Croxley Green: IN THE CLASSROOM—NUMBERS HINDERING FUTURE "LETTERS."

£25 plus Seaside Holiday for Two: H. Bradnam, 13 Woolwich Road, Bexley Heath: DELIGHTFUL PICTURE—FLAMING GORSE—UNTIL AFLAME!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. B. Young, 129 Pathfield Road, Streatham, S.W.16: WHEN WE'VE UMBRELLA—OVER WEST—OVER WORST? £9: F. J. Cooper, 51 Commercial Street, Pontnewydd, Mon: IN THE CLASSROOM — WORKSHOP — ARMY — CLASSROOM—*Queue?* £8: D. Morrison, 17 Campie Terrace, Bothkennar, Falkirk: THIS MAD WORLD—PUTTING "*Shirt*" ON "*Buttons.*" £7: E. Jones, 14 Coedglas Road, Llanishen, Cardiff: BEFORE IT WAS NATIONALIZED—BLAMED STATIONMASTER, GUARD, CLOCK— £6: Mrs. A. Keattch, 28 Berkeley Road, Westbury Park, Bristol: WISE MOTHER — ME — TILL "PLEASE, MUM—" £5: Mrs. V. Fletcher, 39 Park View, Brierley, Barnsley: WHEN WE'VE PACIFIED—POLICEMAN—GRANDPA'S HIT *Another!* £5: V. Rose, 14 Kelvin Court, Woodlands Grove, Isleworth: IN THE CLASSROOM — FIFTY, "FACES" — TWENTY, *In'ividuals!*

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

NEW SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 789**

1. In thick fog even a friend may, for a moment, appear such a figure
4. The fact that amateur player made this would occasion no surprise in some quarters
5. Oil helps them to function better
7. Young, ambitious detective will study police methods and study this
11. One may well think of chestnut in connection with
12. The older they are the worse they get
13. There's little excuse for a man who puts too much weight in one

Down Clues

1. Is now and again marked by unusual speed and power
2. Often stays on the road for short time only
3. Sportsman shooting game will be more successful as his shots are more accurately this
5. Its condition needs to be thoroughly looked over, now and again
6. Upon one a fine head is sometimes found
8. What an expert would do with precision
9. Fine one is thrown away on great many people
10. Stars are seen when it's a really fine one

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS

£25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 SURPRISE PARCELS

containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES — one for each 2nd Runner-up

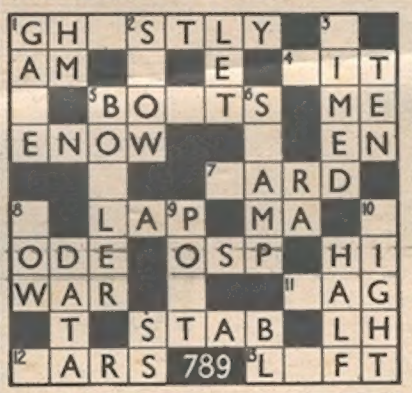
XWORD 784 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Swig. 3, Cash. 7, King. 9, Guile. 10, Haul. 11, Sea. 14, Footle. 15, Mast. DOWN: 2, Wife. 4, Home. 5, Pitch. 6, Jigs. 8, Heaved. 12, Test. 13, Pal.

FIVE £100 SHARERS: Mrs. H. Burrows, 4 Cambridge Street, Wolverton; Mrs. B. Gill, 23 South Avenue, Farnham, Surrey; Miss B. Gurnsey, 1 St. Stephens Mount, Richmond Hill, Bournemouth; Miss R. Lucas, 69 Park Street, Lye, Stourbridge; A. Mills, 20 Hardstaff Road, Pilsley, Chesterfield.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 57 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **789** Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 9

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 21.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.
BULLET .....
EX. ..... 6d.
B. .....
EX. ..... 6d.
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

Closing Postmark **1,837** Monday, JUNE 9

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O

Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

FOR SEASIDE PARTY OFFER, APPLY for this "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated June 21. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No. .....

FREE! New entrants, simply complete this label for free and post free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

650

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

"Kensitas—that's Good!"

Though Wimbledon's not seen me,
I'll get there yet—touch wood!
Meanwhile one trophy's netted!
That's Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas—that's good Virginia tobacco)

How smooth and sweet he fancies
The sound of ball on wood!
But smoother still and sweeter
Is Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas taste better)

The lady's kept him waiting,
(He rather thought she would!)
But who objects to waiting
With Kensitas—that's good!

(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)

MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING FOR GOOD SMOKING

KENSITAS — THAT'S GOOD VIRGINIA TOBACCO